

LSC-6154

LIVING STEREO

VERDI

# LA TRAVIATA

ANNA MOFFO • RICHARD TUCKER • ROBERT MERRILL



ROME OPERA HOUSE  
ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS  
FERNANDO PREVITALI, CONDUCTOR



VERDI

# LA TRAVIATA





GIUSEPPE VERDI  
**LA TRAVIATA**

OPERA IN THREE ACTS

Libretto by Francesco Maria Piave,  
after Alexandre Dumas fils' *La Dame aux camélias*

First performed at the Teatro La Fenice, Venice, March 6, 1853



Recorded in the Opera House, Rome, Italy  
Produced by Richard Mohr  
Recording Engineer: Lewis Layton  
Stage Manager: René Boux

# THE CAST

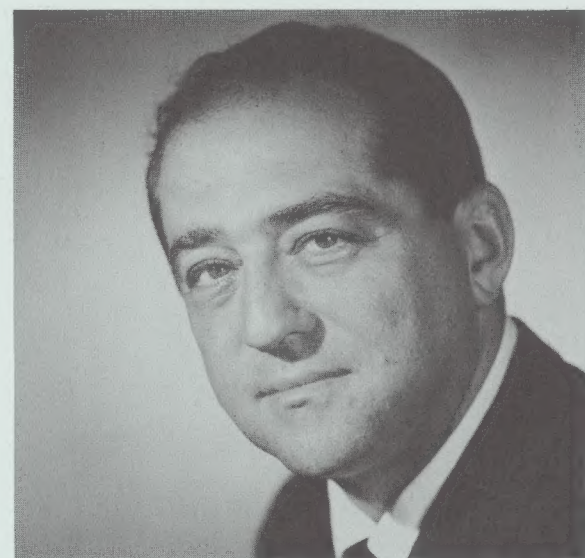
Violetta Valery, *a courtesan* . . . . . Anna Moffo, *soprano*  
 Alfredo Germont, *her lover* . . . . . Richard Tucker,\* *tenor*  
 Giorgio Germont, *Alfredo's father* . . . . . Robert Merrill, *baritone*  
 Flora Bervoix, *Violetta's friend* . . . . . Anna Reynolds, *mezzo-soprano*  
 Gastone . . . . . Piero De Palma, *tenor*  
 Baron Douphol . . . . . Franco Calabrese, *baritone*  
 Marquis d'Obigny . . . . . Vito Susca, *bass*  
 Dr. Grenvil . . . . . Franco Ventriglia, *bass*  
 Giuseppe, *Violetta's servant* . . . . . Adelio Zagonara, *tenor*  
 Annina, *Violetta's confidante and maid* . . . . . Liliana Poli, *soprano*  
 Messenger . . . . . Sergio Liviabella, *baritone*

Ladies and Gentlemen, Masquers, Servants

Rome Opera House Orchestra and Chorus  
 Fernando Previtali, *Conductor*  
 Luigi Ricci and Ugo Catania, *Assistant Conductors*  
 Giuseppe Conca, *Chorus Master*



**RICHARD TUCKER**, one of the leading tenors of the Metropolitan Opera, made his debut there in 1945 as Enzo in *La Gioconda*. He became the sensation of the season, and since that time he has been acclaimed for a number of roles including Alfredo in *La Traviata*, Rodolfo in *La Bohème*, Don Alvaro in *La Forza del Destino*, the Duke in *Rigoletto*, Cavaradossi in *Tosca*, Gabriele Adorno in *Simon Boccanegra*, Turiddu in *Cavalleria Rusticana*, Riccardo in *A Masked Ball* and Don Carlo. In 1958 the New York-born tenor made his debut both at the Vienna State Opera and Covent Garden as Cavaradossi; in 1960 he made his first appearance at Teatro Colon in Buenos Aires.



**ROBERT MERRILL**, a leading baritone of the Metropolitan Opera, made his debut there in 1945 as a winner of the Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air. The elder Germont in *La Traviata* was the role in which he made his Met debut and the following year he was selected by Arturo Toscanini to recreate the role in his broadcast performance of the opera. American-born and -trained, Mr. Merrill has sung most of the major baritone roles at the Metropolitan and is particularly noted for his portrayals of Rigoletto, Escamillo in *Carmen*, Figaro in *The Barber of Seville*, Amonasro in *Aida*, Marcello in *La Bohème*, Renato in *A Masked Ball* and Rodrigo in *Don Carlo* as well as that of Germont.



**ANNA MOFFO**, the young American soprano, made her Metropolitan Opera debut as Violetta in November, 1959. Pennsylvania-born Miss Moffo made her operatic debut in Italy while there on a Fulbright Fellowship. Her portrayal of Cio-Cio-San in the Italian TV production of *Madama Butterfly* made her a star overnight. Engagements and success followed at La Scala, in Rome, Vienna, Salzburg and other European music capitals. She made her American debut in 1957 with the Chicago Lyric Opera as Mimi in *La Bohème*. Her roles also include Susanna in *The Marriage of Figaro*, Marguerite in *Faust* and Liù in *Turandot*. Violetta was again her debut role in 1960—at Buenos Aires' Teatro Colon.

\*Courtesy of Columbia Records



## TRUTHFUL TRAVIATA

For years after the death of Rudolph Valentino a mysterious "woman in black" turned up at his grave on the anniversary of his demise. The visits came to a sudden halt when they were discovered to be the inspiration of a Hollywood press agent.

No such hairy hand has been traced in connection with the little bunches of flowers to be found any day of the year on the tomb of Alphonsine Plessis. They have been arriving steadily for over a century, which rules out the efforts of the most zealous publicity wizard, yet there are several layers of fiction caught in the sentiment surrounding the little white tomb in Montmartre.

To begin with, Alphonsine must have had some romantic notions herself as to the image she wished to project. She took another name, Marie Duplessis, pretty fancy for a girl who began life on a Normandy farm. Within six years after her death her name had been changed twice again, by Alexandre Dumas *filis* to Marguerite Gautier and by Giuseppe Verdi to Violetta Valery. The transformations did not stop there.

We have it from several sources which the newspapers today would call unimpeachable authority that Marie Duplessis was disturbingly beautiful, that she had grace and dignity, charm and wit, and that she burned the candles at both ends. She loved gambling and horse racing. When the romantic young Dumas at their first meeting begged her to take it easier she replied, "If I do I shall die. Only a life of excitement can keep me alive." That is the spirit Verdi captures in "*Sempre libera*."

But the camellias seem to have been a poetic license and she did not die alone. Neither did she die broke. A year before her death she was married to one of her noble admirers. He was with her at the end and saw to it she had a decent burial. As for her finances, the debts she left amounted to no more than 20,000 francs (less than \$5,000), not bad for somebody who served notice on poor young Dumas that it took 100,000 francs a year to keep her in the style to which she had become accustomed. Most emphatically she never gave up any man for the honor of his family though Dumas gallantly assures us she would not have shrunk from such a sacrifice.

Dumas *filis* was twenty when he met his "lady of the camellias" for the first time. She was only six months his senior but already she was famous. One story has it that Dumas *père*, the burly progenitor

by FRANCIS ROBINSON  
Assistant Manager, Metropolitan Opera  
and author of *Caruso: His Life in Pictures*

of *The Three Musketeers* and *The Count of Monte Cristo*, had also been the recipient of Marie's favors.

The idyl lasted only a few weeks and the break came in less than a year. "I am not rich enough to love you as you would wish, and not poor enough to be loved as you would desire," Dumas wrote. The next autumn he made a trip to Spain and North Africa with his father, no doubt to forget his woes. He wrote he would come back and beg forgiveness but there was no reply. Just as he was returning to Paris he heard that Marie had died the week before.

His grief and remorse drenched his novel, *La Dame aux camélias*, which he finished in three weeks. It is interesting that the initials of the hero, Armand Duval, are his own whereas Marie, nee Alphonsine, became Marguerite Gautier. It took him only eight days to write his play but three years to get it produced.

For a public conditioned to Tennessee Williams it is difficult to grasp that *La Dame aux camélias* could ever have had censorship trouble but it did—serious trouble—in both France and England. A diarist of the time in Paris wrote "the play is a disgrace to the epoch that patronizes it, to the government that tolerates it, and to the public that applauds it." In London the Lord Chamberlain had refused to sanction the play. When *La Traviata* was announced there was a great outcry of moral indignation. Pulpit and press thundered against the "foul and hideous horrors" of the book but the opera was produced and saved Her Majesty's Theatre from impending ruin. Benjamin Lumley, the manager, recorded in his memoirs: "Once more the frantic crowds struggled in the lobbies of the theatre, once more dresses were torn and hats were crushed in the conflict; once more a mania possessed the public,"—a fine picture of the usually correct British audience. Mr. Lumley was neither the first nor the last of his calling to benefit by a good juicy controversy.

There is no record of the play's having been stopped in the United States although the first published text in this country (*Camille*) carried a moral-pointing subtitle, *The Fate of a Coquette*, and Henry James swears that a version he witnessed in Boston represented the young lovers in their rural hideaway as respectably "engaged."

Verdi was in Paris when *La Dame aux camélias* had its first performance February 2, 1852. He immediately recognized it as his meat. The transfer to the operatic stage took little more than a year,

March 6, 1853. Almost as swift a worker as Dumas, Verdi completed his score in a month. It was the third work of his great "middle" period. *Rigoletto* had burst on the world in 1851. *Il Trovatore* was to come January 19, 1853. So restless and abundant was Verdi's genius he actually worked on *Traviata* while supervising rehearsals of *Trovatore*.

The story of *Traviata's* failure at its Venetian première is too well-known to require repetition here. "Time will tell," Verdi concluded his terse report of the fiasco. It is still telling.

Consider the present cast. Senior in point of service to the Metropolitan, Richard Tucker sang Alfredo in his second season with the company. He reappeared in the part only a month before this recording was made. His performance on that occasion was the admiration and despair of his colleagues. In a beautiful letter to Caruso, the late Otto Kahn, chairman of the board of the Metropolitan, marveled at the great tenor's ability to continue in light roles along with the heavier repertoire which he increasingly took on. "To sing, as you do, with the same artistic perfection, heroic parts and lyric parts, is a most astounding artistic feat." The same can be said of Mr. Tucker.

The elder Germont is the first role Robert Merrill undertook at the Metropolitan. His performance is recorded as having been "polished and powerful" but he was soon to face an ordeal more grueling than a Metropolitan debut. He was chosen by Arturo Toscanini for the historic broadcasts of *La Traviata*, a performance happily still available on RCA Victor records.

At one of the early rehearsals the Maestro fixed Merrill with a scathing eye.

"Have you ever been a father?" he demanded.

"No, Maestro," stammered Merrill.

"It sounds it," the old man said.

When Merrill did become a father the first telegram went to Toscanini, but before the Maestro had finished with him he was singing Germont with the compassion of a distressed parent.

And now to the title role. Anna Moffo made her Metropolitan debut as Violetta. Her repetitions of the part in New York and on the ensuing tour can only be described as a succession of triumphs. First of all, she has the personality to carry the lead in what has always been "a prima donna's opera." There is no more taxing role in the repertoire. Violetta never leaves the stage during Acts I and III. There are only brief respites during the middle act when she can catch a breath offstage. More than four-fifths of the time the curtain is up she is before us, acting, reacting and above all singing.

Physically, Miss Moffo conforms remarkably with Dumas' description of his ill-fated heroine. Marie, the author tells us, was

"tall, very slender with black hair and a pink and white complexion. Her head was small, her eyes long and lacquer-like, resembling those of a Japanese, but delicate and animated; her lips were cherry-red, and she had the loveliest teeth in the world; she put you in mind of a Dresden figurine . . ."

"The real problem of *Traviata*," Miss Moffo said in an interview during the period this album was being recorded, "is as old as the opera itself: a coloratura soprano for the first act, a lyric soprano for the second act, and a lirico-spinto, almost a dramatic soprano for the last act—all of this without losing the congruity of the vocal line."

Miss Moffo is not the first to sense this three-fold demand on the composer's part. Once during an intermission broadcast from the Metropolitan recordings were played from the three acts of *Traviata* each with a different soprano: Galli-Curci in the glittering *Sempre libera*, Albanese in the heart-breaking scene with the elder Germont, and Claudia Muzio reading the letter from the last act.

A great critic once said, "Verdi's sincerity silences any criticism." About the only objections ever registered against *Traviata* both have to do with the father. One is his entrance at Flora's party. "That Germont should put in an appearance at the demi-mondaine's is incredible," Ernest Newman gasped in holy horror. The other is his aria in the preceding scene which comes pretty close to operatic convention. Verdi himself must have felt this. In the French version he advanced the position of *Di Provenza* to follow immediately Germont's entrance. In this way, Violetta's great outburst, *Amami, Alfredo*, the climax of the entire work, is held to give a wonderfully dramatic ending to the scene.

There are those who find a similarity to *Lohengrin* in the divided strings of the Preludes. "Aha," they smirk. "Influence of Wagner." This is rubbish. Nobody else could have written *Traviata* any more than any other composer except Wagner could have brought forth *Lohengrin*. The second theme of the Prelude to Act I is heard first with a figure in the violins almost like tracery. When it becomes Violetta's farewell in the next act it is stripped of ornamentation and goes straight to the spine—and heart. There is nothing quite like it anywhere else in music.

Another piece of extraordinary originality comes in the scene at Flora's. A nervous little theme builds in the clarinets and is doubled by the oboes and flutes. Against this Violetta cries to herself, "*Ah perchè venni*"—"Why did I come?" She repeats the phrase twice, each time with the same startling effect.

"Tell them," Mrs. Siddons enjoined those she knew would survive her, "I was an honest actress." In the same spirit Toscanini paid *Traviata* about the highest tribute that can be bestowed on a work of art. He singled out its "truthfulness."





# STORY of THE OPERA

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THE ACTION TAKES PLACE IN PARIS AND ENVIRONS CIRCA 1840

## ACT I

SCENE: *A Salon in Violetta's House.* Violetta's elaborately furnished salon is the meeting place of the gayer element of Parisian life. Tonight an unusually lively entertainment seems to be taking place. Alfredo Germont is introduced to Violetta as another of her admirers, and at her request he sings a jovial drinking song, "*Libiamo ne' lieti calici*" ("Let us drink from festive cups"), in which Violetta and the guests join. The energetic rhythm and lively melody of this number cause it to be ranked high among operatic drinking songs.

Music is heard from the adjoining ballroom, toward which the guests proceed. Violetta is seized by a sudden faintness, an ominous forewarning of consumption, but at her request the guests continue into the ballroom; Alfredo, however, remains behind. Violetta cannot quite understand why a young man of such evidently good standing should be concerned with her—a mere butterfly. He confesses that he loves her, has loved her since the day when first he happened to see her a year ago. At first Violetta thinks his protestations mere banter; when she begins to realize their seriousness she is profoundly moved and begs him to go . . . she is unworthy, he must forget her.

Alfredo's tender confession of love and Violetta's nervous response are beautifully expressed in their duet, "*Un dr felice*" ("Rapturous moment").

The rosy light of dawn begins to penetrate the curtained windows. The guests take their leave; Alfredo follows. Violetta is left alone in the room, which is now in disorder and tawdry under the growing daylight.

She meditates on the night's happenings, saying to herself, in recitative, "How strangely those words have moved me."

Then singing a hesitant but most expressive air, "*Ah, fors'è lui*" ("The one of whom I dreamed"), she continues to speculate on the possibilities of this new situation.

An instant later she becomes suddenly transformed, for, thinking that her dreams are hopeless, she begins a dazzling coloratura aria, singing, "*Sempre libera*" ("Ever free"), in which she rather gives the impression that she will no longer squander her days in the pursuit of pleasure, now that a new interest has entered her life.

## ACT II

SCENE 1: *A Country House Near Paris.* Violetta and Alfredo have

been living a life of idyllic happiness in a little country house near Paris. Poetical young man that he is, Alfredo is enraptured at having found in Violetta a true mate. Singing a very melodious aria, "*De' miei bollenti spiriti*" ("Wild my dream of youth"), he tells of his contentment in this haven of peace and love, and contrasts it with his own turbulent youth.

The practical affairs of life, however, recall him from his amorous dreams; for the maid enters, and upon questioning her, Alfredo learns that Violetta has secretly had all her jewels sold in order to keep this secluded home. He is much ashamed on thus suddenly realizing his position, and hurries to the city to obtain funds.

Violetta enters; no more is she the painted courtesan of the city, but a gracious, modest young woman. On reading an invitation to a party at the home of a former friend, Flora, she smiles in refusal; such things do not interest her now. Presently Alfredo's father appears and makes himself known. He is none too polite in his greetings, for he has been greatly distressed at what he conceives to be his son's boyish entanglement. Violetta maintains such dignity, however, that he is soon charmed and abashed, especially when he learns that, far from being dependent upon Alfredo, she has sold her property to support him. Thus abandoning his former attitude, he throws himself wholly on her mercy. Alfredo has, it seems, a younger sister, whose marriage to a nobleman will be jeopardized if this scandalous *mésalliance* continues in the Germont family. Violetta at first refuses to give up her lover, then, as the father continues to plead, she begins to realize that her union with Alfredo will ultimately react to his disadvantage. She finally yields, singing through her tears, "*Dite alla giovine*" ("Tell your daughter"), a moving song in which Violetta renounces all claim to Alfredo for the sake of his sister. Violetta continues, saying, "Now command me." Germont answers, "Say you do not love him." She replies, "He'll not believe me." Violetta thinks of a plan; but she is shaken with sobs and pleads for consolation; she will need courage in order to go through with her resolve. The father comforts her tenderly, then leaves.

As soon as Germont has gone, the unhappy Violetta writes a note of farewell to Alfredo and makes ready to leave for Paris. Alfredo returns, and is mystified by her confusion. His father has written him a stern letter demanding an interview—Alfredo expects him at any moment. Not even suspecting that Violetta and his father have ever met, he believes that the charm of her bearing and personality will cause the elder Germont to relent.

Violetta begs to be excused for a time, saying that she will return and throw herself at his father's feet, he will forgive them, they will then be happy forever! But before she goes out she questions Alfredo with such extreme anxiety, "Do you love me? Do you truly love me?" and says "Farewell" with such tenderness that her lover is deeply moved.

In a very few moments a servant comes with a note for Alfredo. It is in Violetta's handwriting. He tears it open, staggers as he realizes its meaning. His father has entered unobserved, and tries to console his son by recalling their home, singing, "*Di Provenza il mar*" ("Thy home in fair Provence"). In spite of the declaration of critics that it is trite and inappropriate, an example of Verdi in a weaker moment, this melodious aria remains one of the most popular in the opera.

The father appeals in vain to Alfredo to return to his home. Gazing vaguely about the room, Alfredo notices Flora's letter and on reading it concludes that, having abandoned him, Violetta will make her plunge back into a life of gaiety at Flora's fête. Burning with anger and jealousy, he rushes out to seek revenge.

SCENE 2: *A Gallery in Flora's Parisian House.* The scene changes. Festivities are being held in the richly furnished and brightly lighted salon in Flora's palace. The first feature of the entertainment is a masquerade. The music ripples along with the utmost frivolity; gypsies appear and contribute to the gaiety with their jangling tambourines and a little byplay at fortune-telling. They are followed by another group dressed in Spanish costume who sing a festive song of matadors.

To this party now comes Alfredo, who remarks with assumed indifference that he knows nothing of Violetta's whereabouts. The primary feature of the entertainment being gambling rather than dancing, he joins the game, and, oddly enough, is extremely lucky in his winnings. When Violetta arrives, leaning on the arm of Baron Douphol, she is shocked at seeing Alfredo. Pretending not to notice her, Alfredo remarks, "Misfortune in love brings luck at cards." The Baron is plainly disturbed by Alfredo's presence, cautions Violetta not to speak to him, then goes over and joins the game. Again Alfredo wins; angry words follow between Alfredo and the Baron that threaten to lead to a duel. The tension is relieved, fortunately, by a servant's announcement that the banquet is ready. All withdraw to the adjoining salon.

Violetta returns immediately, followed by Alfredo, whom she has asked to see privately. She begs him to leave the house at once, thus he will avoid further trouble. He will go only on one condition—that she come with him. Though her heart is breaking, she remembers her promise to the elder Germont and says she cannot—she is bound. "To whom?" questions Alfredo anxiously,

"To Douphol? then you love him!" With a painful effort she replies "Yes!" Trembling with fury, Alfredo flings wide the doors and calls back the astonished guests. Before them all he denounces Violetta, and shouting, "I call on you to witness that I have paid her back!" he flings a purse at her feet. She sinks fainting in the arms of Flora. All are shocked at Alfredo's outrageous conduct. Germont enters at this moment and denounces his son. As the curtain drops, the Baron challenges Alfredo to a duel.

### ACT III

SCENE: *Violetta's Bedroom.* Violetta is now a mere shadow of her former self, for her unhappiness has greatly aggravated her illness. Although the doctor reassures Violetta, he whispers to the faithful maid that her mistress has not long to live. Left alone, Violetta reads a letter she has received from Germont; meanwhile the orchestra whispers touchingly a strain of the first duet of the lovers:

You have kept your promise. The duel took place, and the Baron was wounded, but is improving. Alfredo is abroad. I myself have revealed your sacrifices to him. He will return to implore your pardon. I also shall come. Hasten to recover; you deserve a bright future.—Giorgio Germont.

"Too late!" is her comment in a hollow voice. Then she rises, saying, "I've trusted, and waited, but alas, he comes not!" She pauses to look at herself in the mirror. "Oh, how I'm faded, and the doctor said that I would soon recover, but this faintness tells plainly all is hopeless." She continues, singing a beautiful and pathetic farewell to this "fair world of sorrow," "*Addio del passato*" ("Farewell to the past"). The melody, of a fragile delicacy like the wasted heroine herself, rises at its close to clear high tones of poignant loveliness as she exclaims, "All is ended."

A moment later the door opens, and Violetta is soon in her lover's arms. In contrition Alfredo begs forgiveness; it is at once joyfully granted. Violetta's health seems to return with her happiness; even Alfredo is for a moment deceived. They plan a bright future in the quiet country life in which they first found happiness, as they sing "*Parigi, o cara*" ("Far from gay Paris"). The joy of the meeting has been too much; soon she collapses, and Germont enters with the physician. The father blames himself for having brought all these sorrows on his son and Violetta, and again the melody of the lovers' duet is heard, whispered by the violins in ethereal, tremulous beauty. Violetta no longer feels pain; she rouses herself with an unnatural return of strength and cries, "I live! I have again returned to life!" With this she falls back upon the couch—dead.





VERDI  
LA TRAVIATA  
ITALIAN-ENGLISH

# libretto

ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY  
ALICE BEREZOWSKY

ACT I

A Salon in Violetta's House.

At the back, a door leading to another room. There are two other side doors. On the left, a fireplace with a mirror over the mantelpiece. In the center of the room, a richly spread dining table.

VIOLETTA, seated on a sofa at the right, is conversing with her doctor and several friends. Other guests arrive and she goes to meet them. Among them are the BARON, and FLORA, who is escorted by the MARQUIS.

CHORUS 1  
Dell'invito trascorsa è già l'ora,  
voi tardaste. It's already past invitation time,  
you're late.

CHORUS 2  
Giucammo da Flora,  
e giucando quell'ore volar. We were gambling at Flora's,  
and when we gamble, time flies.

VIOLETTA  
Flora, amici, la notte che resta  
d'altre gioie qui fate brillar. Flora . . . dear friends . . . let's make joy-  
ful and bright what is left of the night.  
(She circulates among the guests.)

Fra le tazze è più viva la festa. When wine flows, the party is gayer.

FLORA AND MARQUIS  
E goder voi potrete? Are you well enough to have a good time?

VIOLETTA  
Lo voglio;  
al piacere m'affido, ed io soglio  
con tal farmaco i mali sopir. I want to.  
I make a habit of pleasure.  
It's the best medicine for my illness.

ALL  
Sì, la vita s'addoppia al gioir. Yes, life is made for pleasure.

(VISCOUNT GASTONE DE LETORIÈRES enters with ALFREDO GERMONT.)

GASTONE  
In Alfredo Germont, o signora,  
ecco un altro che molto v'onora;  
pochi amici a lui simili sono. Here is Alfredo Germont, dear lady;  
he is another of your admirers;  
few friends are like him.

VIOLETTA  
(giving her hand to ALFREDO, who kisses it)  
Mio visconte, mercè di tal dono. I thank you, Viscount, for such a favor.  
(Servants are busy around the dinner table.)

MARQUIS  
Caro Alfredo! Dear Alfredo.

ALFREDO  
Marchese! Marquis.

GASTONE  
(to ALFREDO)  
T'ho detto . . .  
L'amistà qui si intreccia  
al diletto. You see, I told you so . . .  
Here friendship is intertwined  
with pleasure.

VIOLETTA  
(to servants)  
Pronto è il tutto? Is everything ready?  
(A servant gestures yes.)

Miei cari, sedete;  
è al convito che s'apre ogni cor. My dear ones, be seated;  
it's at feasting that hearts swell.

ALL  
Ben diceste. Le cure segrete  
fuga sempre l'amico licor. Well said. Wine is ever a friend  
who banishes secret cares.  
(They seat themselves at the table: VIOLETTA is with ALFREDO  
and GASTONE; at the left is FLORA between the MARQUIS and  
the BARON.)

È al convito che s'apre ogni cor. And it's at feasting that all hearts swell.

GASTONE  
(Whispers to VIOLETTA.)  
Sempre Alfredo a voi pensa. Alfredo is always thinking about you.

VIOLETTA  
Scherzate! You must be joking!

GASTONE  
Egra foste, e ogni dì con affanno  
qui volò, di voi chiese. When you were ill, he hurried here each  
day, anxious to find out if you were  
better.

VIOLETTA  
Cessate.  
Nulla son io per lui. Be still.  
I don't mean a thing to him.

GASTONE  
Non v'inganno. I'm not fooling.

VIOLETTA  
(to ALFREDO)  
Vero è dunque? Onde ciò?  
Nol comprendo. Then it's true? But why?  
I don't understand.

ALFREDO  
(sighing)  
Sì, egli è ver. Yes, it's true.

VIOLETTA  
(to ALFREDO; then to the BARON)  
Le mie grazie vi rendo.  
Voi, barone, non feste altrettanto. My thanks to you.  
Baron, you weren't so devoted a swain.

BARON  
Vi conosco da un anno soltanto. I've known you only for a year.

VIOLETTA  
Ed ei solo da qualche minuto. And he for only a few moments.

FLORA  
(aside to the BARON)  
Meglio fora, se aveste taciuto. It would have been better if you'd kept  
still.

BARON  
(softly)  
M'è increscioso quel giovin. I've taken a dislike to that young man.

FLORA  
Perchè?  
A me invece simpatico egli è. Why? I find, on the contrary, that he's  
attractive.

GASTONE  
(to ALFREDO)  
E tu dunque non apri più bocca? And you, friend, aren't you going to  
open your mouth?

MARQUIS  
(to VIOLETTA)  
È a madama che scuoterlo tocca. It's up to the lady to prompt him.

VIOLETTA  
(pouring out wine for ALFREDO)  
Sarò l'Ebe che versa. I'll be Hebe, the Cupbearer.

ALFREDO  
(with gallantry)  
E ch'io bramo  
immortal come quella. And what I long for is that  
you, like her, should be immortal.

ALL  
Beviamo. Beviamo, beviam! Let's drink. Let's drink, drink!

GASTONE  
(to BARON)  
O barone, nè un verso, nè un viva  
troverete in quest'ora giuliva. Eh, Baron, haven't you a rhyme or a  
toast for this merry hour?  
(The BARON declines. GASTONE turns to ALFREDO.)

Dunque a te. Now it's up to you.

ALL  
Sì, sì, un brindisi. Yes, yes, a toast.

ALFREDO  
L'estro non m'arride. I'm not in the right spirit.

GASTONE  
E non sei tu maestro? Can't you conquer your mood?

ALFREDO  
(to VIOLETTA)  
Vi fia grato? Would that please you?

VIOLETTA  
Sì. Yes.

ALFREDO  
Sì? L'ho già in cor. Really? Then it's already in my heart.

MARQUIS  
Dunque attenti,  
attenti al cantor! Now listen,  
listen to the singer!

ALL  
(except ALFREDO)  
Sì, attenti al cantor. Yes, listen to the singer!

ALFREDO  
Libiamo, libiamo ne' lieti calici,  
che la bellezza infiora;  
e la fuggevol, fuggevol ora s'innebrii a  
voluttà. Let us drink, let us drink from festive  
cups that with beauty are adorned;  
and the fleeting, fleeting hour with  
sensuous pleasure will be replete.  
Libiam ne' dolci fremiti  
che suscita l'amore, Let us drink with sweet excitement  
arising out of love;  
(He turns toward VIOLETTA.)

poichè quell'occhio al core  
onnipotente va. because of a glance that reigns supreme,  
after having pierced the heart.  
Libiamo, amore, amor fra i calici  
più caldi baci avrà. Let us drink, love, for the warmest kisses  
of love lie within the wine cup.

ALL  
(except VIOLETTA and ALFREDO)  
Ah, libiam; amor fra i calici  
più caldi baci avrà. Ah, let us drink; love finds the  
warmest kisses within the cup.

VIOLETTA  
(arising)  
Tra voi, saprò dividere  
il tempo mio giocondo;  
tutto è follia nel mondo  
ciò che non è piacer. Among you, I shall share  
my times of happiness;  
in this world, all is folly  
which is not pleasure.  
Godiam; fugace e rapido  
è il gaudio dell'amore;  
è un fior che nasce e muore  
nè più si può goder. Let's be merry! Fleeting and soon past  
is the happiness of love;  
and it's a flower that is born and dies,  
nevermore to be enjoyed.  
Godiamo, c'invita un fervido  
accento lusinghier! Let's be merry, as long as the pleasure  
lasts.  
There is no life but this.

ALL  
Ah, godiamo, la tazza e il cantico  
le notti abbella e il riso;  
in questo paradiso  
ne scopra il nuovo dì. Ah, let's make merry; wine and song  
and laughter beautify the night.  
May the dawn still find us  
in this paradise.

VIOLETTA  
(to ALFREDO)  
La vita è nel tripudio. There's naught in life but pleasure.

ALFREDO  
(replying)  
Quando non s'ami ancora. Only for one not yet in love.

VIOLETTA  
Nol dite a chi lo ignora. Don't speak of that to one who doesn't  
know the meaning.

ALFREDO  
È il mio destin così. Such is my fate.

ALL  
Ah, godiamo, la tazza e il cantico  
le notti abbella e il riso;  
in questo paradiso  
ne scopra il nuovo dì. Ah, let's make merry! Wine, song and  
laughter beautify the night;  
and may the dawn still find us  
in this paradise.  
(The sound of music comes from another room.)

Che è ciò? What's that?

VIOLETTA  
(to all)  
Non gradireste ora le danze? And now shall we dance?

ALL  
Oh! il gentil pensier! Tutti accettiamo. Oh, what a happy idea! We all accept.

VIOLETTA  
Usciamo dunque? Then let's go.  
(suddenly turning pale)

Ohimè! Oh!

ALL  
Che avete? What ails you?

VIOLETTA  
Nulla, nulla. Nothing, nothing.

ALL  
Che mai v'arresta? But what stopped you?

VIOLETTA  
Usciamo. . . . Let us go. . . .  
(She takes a few steps but is forced to halt and sit down.)

Oh, Dio! Oh, my God!

ALL  
Ancora! Again!

ALFREDO  
Voi soffrite! You're in pain.

ALL  
Oh ciel!—ch'è questo? Oh, Heavens, what's this?

VIOLETTA  
Un tremito che provo. Or là passate;  
fra poco anch'io sarò. I feel chilly. Go ahead;  
I'll join you in a little while.

ALL  
Come bramate. As you wish.  
(All go to the other room except ALFREDO.)

VIOLETTA  
(studying herself in the mirror over the mantelpiece)  
Oh, qual pallor! Oh, how pale I am!  
(She turns and sees ALFREDO.)

Voi qui? You here?

ALFREDO  
Cessata è l'ansia che vi turbò? Is that pain still bothering you?

VIOLETTA  
Sto meglio. I feel better.

ALFREDO  
Ah, in cotal guisa v'ucciderete!  
Aver v'è d'uopo cura dell'esser vostro. Ah, this life you're leading will kill you!  
You must take care of yourself.

VIOLETTA  
E lo potrei? How could I?

ALFREDO  
Oh, se mia foste, custode io veglierei  
de' vostri soavi dì. Oh, if you were mine,  
I'd watch over your gentle existence.

VIOLETTA  
Che dite? What did you say? Is there really  
someone who cares about me?  
Ha forse alcuno cura di me?

Perchè nessuno al mondo v'ama? Does no one in the world love you?

Nessun! No one!

Tranne sol io. Except . . . only me.

Gli è vero? That's true.  
Si grande amor dimenticato avea. I'd forgotten about that great love.

Ridete! e in voi v'ha un core? Laugh, then! And have you a heart?

Un cor? sì, forse, e a che lo richiedete? A heart? Yes . . . perhaps . . . why do you ask?

Oh, se ciò fosse, non potreste allora celiar. Ah, if that were true, you wouldn't be able to make light of it.

Dite davvero? Are you sincere?

Io non v'inganno. I'm not deceiving you.

Da molto è che mi amate? Have you loved me for long?

Ah, sì, da un anno!  
Un dì felice eterea  
mi balenaste innante  
e da quel dì tremante,  
vissi d'ignoto amor.  
Di quell'amore, quell'amor ch'è palpito,  
dell'universo, dell'universo intero,  
misterioso, misterioso altero,  
croce, croce e delizia,  
croce e delizia, delizia al cor.

Ah, se ciò, è ver, fuggitemi . . .  
Solo amistade io v'offro;  
amar non so, nè soffro  
di così eroico amore.  
Io sono franca, ingenua;  
altra cercar dovete . . .  
non arduo troverete  
dimenticarmi allor.

Oh, amore misterioso, misterioso altero, croce, croce e delizia, delizia al cor; Ah! Ah! croce delizia al cor.

Non arduo troverete dimenticarmi allor, dimenticarmi allor. Ah! Ah! dimenticarmi allor.

Ebben? che diavol fate? Well . . . what the dickens are you doing?

Si folleggiava! Amusing ourselves!

Ah-hah! Ah-hah!

Sta ben, restate! Well, then . . . stay where you are.

VIOLETTA  
(to ALFREDO)  
Amor, dunque non più. Vi garba il patto? No more of love. Is that a bargain?

ALFREDO  
(leaving)  
Io v'obbedisco; parto. I'll obey you. I go.

VIOLETTA  
(She takes a flower from her corsage.)  
A tal giungeste? To such an extreme?

Prendete questo fiore. Take this flower.

ALFREDO  
Why?

VIOLETTA  
To bring it back.

ALFREDO  
(returning to her)  
Quando? When?

VIOLETTA  
Quando sarà appassito. When it is faded.

ALFREDO  
Ah! ciel! domani? Ah, Heaven! Tomorrow!

VIOLETTA  
Ebben domani. Well, then . . . tomorrow.

ALFREDO  
(accepting the flower)  
Io son felice! I'm so happy!

VIOLETTA  
D'amarmi dite ancora? Do you still insist that you love me?

ALFREDO  
Oh, quanto, quanto v'amo!  
Oh, quanto . . .  
. . . v'amo, oh, quanto!

Oh, how much, how much I love you!  
Oh, how much . . .  
I love you!

VIOLETTA  
D'amarmi . . . | You love me . . .

ALFREDO  
Io son felice! I'm so happy!

VIOLETTA  
D'amarmi dite ancora? Do you still insist that you love me?

ALFREDO  
Oh quanto v'amo, oh, quanto v'amo, oh quanto!  
Oh, how much I love you,  
how much!

VIOLETTA  
D'amarmi . . . | You love me . . .  
(seeing ALFREDO about to leave)

Partite? You're leaving?

ALFREDO  
(returning to kiss her hand)  
Parto. Going.

VIOLETTA  
Addio. Farewell.

ALFREDO  
Di più non bramo. I could not wish for more.

VIOLETTA and ALFREDO  
Addio, addio. Farewell, farewell.

(ALFREDO leaves as FLORA, the MARQUIS, the BARON and all the others return to the drawing room.)

Si ridesta in ciel l'aurora,  
e n'è forza di partire;  
mercè a voi, gentil signora,  
di sì splendido gioir.  
Si ridesta in ciel l'aurora, ecc.  
La città di feste è piena,  
volge il tempo del piacer;  
nel riposo ancor la lena  
si ritempi per goder, ecc.

ALL

Dawn is waking in the sky  
and we must depart.  
Thank you, dear lady,  
for such a delightful time.  
Dawn is waking in the sky, etc.  
The town is made for pleasure,  
but the time for fun is fleeting;  
rest is needed to restore  
our strength to come back again, etc.

(All depart except VIOLETTA.)

Side 2

È strano! . . . è strano! . . . In core scolpiti ho quegli accenti!  
Saria per mia sventura un serio amore?  
Che risolti, o turbata anima mia?  
Null'uomo ancora t'accendeva . . .  
O, gioia ch'io non conobbi,  
esser amata amando!  
E sdegnarla poss'io  
per l'aride follie del viver mio?

VIOLETTA

It's strange . . . it's strange!  
His words are carved in my heart.  
Would real love be a misfortune for me?  
What do you say, my troubled soul?  
No man has ever been your light.  
Oh joy that I never knew,  
of loving and being loved!  
Shall I now disregard it  
for the empty follies of my life?

(pensively)

Ah, fors'è lui che l'anima,  
solinga ne' tumulti,  
godea sovente pingere  
de'suoi colori occulti!  
Lui, che modesto e vigile,  
all'egre soglie accese,  
e nuova febbre accese  
destandomi all'amor?  
A quell'amor, quell'amor ch'è palpito  
dell'universo dell'universo intero,  
misterioso, misterioso altero,  
croce e delizia, delizia al cor.  
Croce e delizia, delizia al cor.

Ah! perhaps it is he, who,  
when my soul was lonely and troubled,  
used to tint it with invisible colors,  
invisible colors.  
He who, humbly and watchfully,  
came to the threshold of my sickroom,  
and kindled in me a new fever  
waking my heart to love!  
Ah, such love, such love so tremulous!  
Out of the universe, the heavenly  
universe,  
mysteriously, mysteriously from on high,  
come sorrow, sorrow and gladness.  
Sorrow and gladness come to the heart.

(She wakens from her reverie.)

Follie! Follie! delirio vano è questo!  
Povera donna, sola, abbandonata  
in questo popoloso deserto,  
che appellano Parigi,  
che spero o più? Che far degg'io?  
Gioire, di voluttà nei vortici perire.  
Sempre libera degg'io  
folleggiare di gioia in gioia,  
vo'che scorra il viver mio  
pei sentieri del piacer.  
Nasca il giorno, o il giorno muoia,  
sempre lieta ne' ritrovi.  
A dilette sempre nuovi  
dee volare il mio pensier . . .

Folly! Folly! This is madness!  
For me, a poor woman, alone and  
abandoned in this populated desert  
which is called Paris, what am I hoping  
for? What should I do?  
Enjoy myself! Then end in a vortex  
of dissipation.  
Of joy I'll die!  
Ever free my heart must be,  
as I flit from joy to joy,  
I want my life to glide  
along the paths of pleasure.  
May the dying or dawning day  
always find me in haunts of mirth,  
and to ever new delights  
may my thoughts soar and fly and fly . . .

ALFREDO

Amor, amor è palpito . . .

Love, love so tremulous . . .

VIOLETTA

Oh!

Oh!

ALFREDO

. . . dell'universo, dell'universo intero . . .

. . . from the universe, the universe so  
heavenly . . .

VIOLETTA

Oh amore!

Oh love!

ALFREDO

. . . misterioso, misterioso altero,  
croce, croce e delizia  
croce e delizia, delizia al cor.

. . . mysteriously, mysteriously from on  
high,  
sorrow, sorrow and gladness,  
sorrow and gladness come to the heart.

Follie, follie, follie! Gioire, gioire!  
Sempre libera degg'io  
folleggiare di gioia in gioia,  
vo'che scorra il viver mio  
pei sentieri del piacer.  
Nasca il giorno, o il giorno muoia,  
sempre lieta ne' ritrovi.  
A dilette sempre nuovi  
dee volare il mio pensier . . .

VIOLETTA

Folly, folly, folly! Of joy I'll die!  
Ever free my heart must be,  
as I flit from joy to joy,  
I want my life to glide  
along the paths of pleasure.  
May the dying or dawning day  
always find me in haunts of mirth,  
and to ever new delights  
may my thoughts soar and fly and fly . . .

ALFREDO

(under the balcony)

Amor è palpito  
dell'universo . . .

Love so tremulous  
out of the universe . . .

VIOLETTA

Il pensier dee volar . . .  
Ah! Ah! il pensier dee volar  
il mio pensier.

My thoughts will fly . . .  
Ah! ah! My thoughts will fly,  
all my thoughts!

ACT II

Scene 1

A Country House Near Paris.

The living room on the ground floor. At the back, facing the audience, a fireplace with a mirror and clock above. Two French doors opening on a garden. Two other doors opposite each other. Chairs, tables, a few books, etc.

ALFREDO

(entering in hunting dress)

Lunge da lei per me non v'ha diletto!  
Volaron già tre lune  
dacchè la mia Violetta  
agi per me lasciò, dovizie, amori,  
e le pompose feste,  
ov'agli omaggi avvezza,  
vedea schiavo ciascun di sua bellezza;  
ed or contenta in questi ameni luoghi,  
sotto scorda per me.  
Qui presso a lei  
io rinascere mi sento,  
e dal soffio d'amor rigenerato,  
scordo ne' gaudi suoi tutto il passato.  
De' miei bollenti spiriti, il giovanile  
adore ella temprò col placido sorriso  
dell'amor, dell'amor.  
Dal dì che disse: "Vivere  
io voglio, io voglio a te fedel";  
dell'universo immemore,  
io vivo, io vivo quasi in ciel.  
Dal dì che disse: ecc.

There's no happiness for me when I'm  
away from her.  
Three months have passed  
since my Violetta forsook riches, honors  
and lavish entertainments,  
where she was accustomed to homage,  
and saw each one a slave to her beauty.  
And now, in this pleasant place,  
she lives for me alone.  
Here, near her, I feel reborn.  
And, spiritually renewed by the breath  
of love, I forget, through joy, all the past.  
The youthful ardor of my fiery spirits  
she has quenched with the gentle smile  
of love, of love!  
Ever since the day she said:  
I want to live for you, for you alone,  
forgetful of the world,  
I live, I live as if in heaven.  
Yes, ever since she said: etc.

(ANNINA enters, in traveling clothes.)

Annina! donde vieni?

Annina, where do you come from?

ANNINA

Da Parigi.

From Paris.

ALFREDO

Chi tel commise?

Who sent you there?

ANNINA

Fu la mia signora.

It was my lady.

ALFREDO

Perchè?

Why?

ANNINA

Per alienar cavalli, cocchi,  
e quanto ancor possiede.

To dispose of her horses, carriages,  
and all she possesses.

Che mai sento? ALFREDO What do I hear?

Lo spendio è grande a viver qui solinghi. ANNINA It's very expensive for you two to live here.

E tacevi? ALFREDO And you kept silent?

Mi fu il silenzio imposto. ANNINA I was ordered to keep silent.

Imposto?! Or v'abbisogna? ALFREDO Ordered? And how much is needed?

Mille luigi. ANNINA A thousand louis.

Or vanne! Andrò a Parigi. Questo colloquio non sappia la signora, il tutto valgo a riparare ancora. Va, va! ALFREDO Go now! I'll leave for Paris. Don't tell your lady about our talk; I'll take care of the whole affair. Go, go!

(ALFREDO dashes off. VIOLETTA enters with business documents in hand.)

Alfredo? VIOLETTA Alfredo?

Per Parigi or or partiva. ANNINA He has just left for Paris.

E tornerà? VIOLETTA And will return?

Pria che tramonti il giorno, dirvel m'impose. ANNINA Before the end of the day, he asked me to say.

È strano! VIOLETTA That's strange.

(GIUSEPPE enters with a letter for VIOLETTA.)

GIUSEPPE (presenting the letter)

Per voi. For you.

Sta bene. In breve giungerà un uom d'affari, entri all'istante. VIOLETTA All right. Soon a business man will arrive; bring him in at once.

(ANNINA and GIUSEPPE leave. VIOLETTA opens the letter.)

Ah! ah! Scopri la Flora il mio ritiro, e m'invita a danzar per questa sera. Ah-hah! Flora has discovered my hiding place, and she invites me to a ball tonight.

(She tosses the letter on a table.)

Invan m'aspetterà. She'll wait for me in vain.

(GIUSEPPE enters.)

È qui un signore. GIUSEPPE A gentleman is here.

Ah! sarà lui che attendo. VIOLETTA Ah! It's he whom I await.

(GIUSEPPE brings the gentleman in. It is GIORGIO GERMONT.)

Madamigella Valery? GERMONT Mademoiselle Valery?

Son io. VIOLETTA I am she.

D'Alfredo il padre in me vedete. GERMONT In me, you see Alfredo's father.

VIOLETTA (astonished, and motioning to him to be seated)

Voi! You?

Si . . . dell'incauto, che a rovina corre, ammaliato da voi. GERMONT Yes . . . of that reckless one who, fascinated by you, is headed for destruction.

VIOLETTA (rising to leave, and with resentment)

Donna son io, signore ed in mia casa; ch'io vi lasci assentite, più per voi, che per me. I am a lady, Sir, and in my own house. Allow me to leave you, as much for your sake as for mine.

GERMONT (aside)

Quai modi! . . . Pure . . . What bearing! But still . . .

VIOLETTA (somewhat calmer)

Tratto in error voi foste. You've been misled . . .

GERMONT

De'suoi beni dono vuol farvi. He wants to give you all that he owns.

VIOLETTA

Non l'osò finora. . . . Rifiuterei. He wouldn't dare try it . . . I should refuse.

GERMONT (looking around the room)

Pur tanto lusso. . . . But all this luxury . . . ?

VIOLETTA (handing him the documents)

A tutti è mistero quest'atto . . . a voi nol sia. It's a mystery to all . . . but it won't be to you.

(GERMONT reads the papers.)

GERMONT

Ciel! che discopro! D'ogni avere or volete spogliarvi! Ah! il passato perchè, perchè v'accusa? Heavens! What a discovery! You're going to forfeit all your possessions? Ah, why should your past indict you?

VIOLETTA

Più non esiste. Or amo Alfredo, e Dio lo cancellò col pentimento mio. It no longer exists. Now I love Alfredo, and God has erased it with my repentance.

GERMONT

Nobili sensi invero! Noble feelings indeed!

VIOLETTA

Oh, come dolce mi suona il vostro accento! Oh, how sweet your words sound to me!

GERMONT

Ed a tai sensi, un sacrificio chieggo. And of such feelings, I'll request a sacrifice.

VIOLETTA (rising)

Ah, no tacete . . . Terribil cosa chiedereste, certo il previdi, v'attesi . . . Era felice troppo. Ah, no, be still! You'd certainly ask for something terrible . . . I sensed it . . . I expected it . . . I was too happy!

GERMONT

D'Alfredo il padre la sorte, l'avvenir domanda or qui de'suoi due figli. Fate has decreed that Alfredo's father should here assure the future of his two children.

VIOLETTA

Di due figli? Of two children?

Si. GERMONT Yes.

Side 3

Pura siccome un angelo Iddio mi diè una figlia. Se Alfredo nega riedere in seno alla famiglia, l'amato e amante giovine cui sposa andar dovea or si ricusa al vincolo che lieti, lieti ne rendea. Deh, non mutate in triboli le rose dell'amor, ah, non mutate in triboli le rose dell'amor. A' prieghi miei resistere, no, no, non voglia il vostro cor, no, no.

God gave me a daughter, pure as an angel. But if Alfredo refuses to live with his family, the loving and beloved youth who is going to wed her would then refuse to take the vows which would make her so happy. Do not fade with distress the roses of love, ah, do not fade with distress the roses of love. Your heart won't deny my entreaty, no, your heart won't deny it, no, no!

GERMONT

Ah, comprendo; Dovrò per alcun tempo da Alfredo a lontanarmi. Doloroso. . . . fora per me pur. Ah, I understand; I should keep away from Alfredo for a while. It will hurt me, but . . .

GERMONT

Non è ciò che chiedo. That's not what I ask.

VIOLETTA

Cielo! Che più cercate? Offersi assai! Heavens! What more do you want? I offer enough.

GERMONT

Pur non basta. But not enough.

VIOLETTA

Volette che per sempre a lui rinunzi? You want me to give him up forever?

GERMONT

È d'uopo. It must be.

VIOLETTA

Ah, no, giammai, no, mai! Non sapete quale affetto vivo, immenso m'arda il petto? Che nè amici, nè parenti io non conto, tra' viventi? E che Alfredo m'ha giurato che in lui tutto io troverò? Non sapete che colpita, d'atro morbo è la mia vita? Che già presso il fin ne vedo? Ch'io mi separi da Alfredo ah, il supplizio è sì spietato che morir preferirò, morir, sì, preferirò morir. . . . Ah, no! Never! No, never! Don't you know what deep devotion glows in my breast? Don't you know there's not a friend or relative in the world for me to count on? And that Alfredo has sworn to me that in him I shall find my all? Don't you know that my life is stricken by a terrible illness . . . and that I already foresee its end? That I should be parted from Alfredo! Ah, rather than suffer from such relentless torture, I had rather die, die. Yes, I'd rather die!

GERMONT

È grave il sacrificio ma pur, tranquilla uditemi. Bella voi siete e giovine. Col tempo. . . . The sacrifice is great; but now, listen to me calmly: you are young and beautiful; in time . . .

VIOLETTA

Ah, più non dite! V'intendo, m'è impossibile; lui solo amar vogl'io. Ah, say no more! I understand; but it is impossible; he is the only one I wish to love.

GERMONT

Sia pure; ma volubile sovente è l'uom. So be it. But men are often inconstant.

VIOLETTA

Gran Dio! Almighty God!

GERMONT (with simplicity)

Un dì, quando le veneri il tempo avrà fuggate, fia presto il tedio a sorgere. Che sarà allor? Pensate. Per voi non avran balsamo i più soavi affetti! Poichè dal ciel non furono tai nodi benedetti. One day, when time has banished all those charms, then boredom might quickly arise. What will happen then? Think! You will not be granted filial affection as a balm, for such a union as this cannot be blessed by any parent.

VIOLETTA

È vero! È vero! That's true, that's true!

GERMONT

Ah, dunque sperdasi tal sogno seduttore. Ah, then may such a deceptive dream vanish!

VIOLETTA

È vero! È vero! That's true! That's true!

GERMONT

Siate di mia famiglia l'angiol consolatore. Violetta, deh pensateci, ne siete in tempo ancor. È Dio che ispira, o giovine, è Dio che ispira, tai detti a un genitor. Become the guardian angel of my family. Violetta, come, think about it, you are yet in time. It is God who inspires, O youthful one, it is God who inspires the words of a father.

VIOLETTA (in an agony of grief)

Così alla misera ch'è un dì caduta, di più risorgere speranza è muta! Se pur benefico le indulga Iddio l'uomo implacabile per lei sarà . . . Thus hope is now dead for an unhappy one fallen on this day! And even if God should forgive her, mankind, to her, remains implacable.

GERMONT

Siate di mia famiglia l'angiol consolatore. Ah, siate l'angiol consolatore . . . Become the guardian angel of my family, Ah, be a guardian angel!

VIOLETTA (weeping)

Ah, dite alla giovine, sì bella e pura, ch'avvi una vittima della sventura, cui resta un unico, raggio di bene, che a lei il sacrifica, e che morrà, e morrà, e morrà. Oh, say to that gentle maiden, so lovely and pure, that here is a victim of great misfortune; that she, to whom there remained only one hope of good, sacrificed it for her . . . and will die, will die, will die!

GERMONT

Piangi, piangi, piangi, o misera, piangi, piangi, piangi! Supremo il veggo, supremo è il sacrificio, è il sacrificio ch'ora ti chieggo. Sento nell'anima già, le tue pene. Coraggio . . . e il nobile cor vincerà. Sì, e il cor vincerà! Weep, weep, weep, O unhappy one, Weep, weep, weep! I see that supreme, supreme is the sacrifice, the sacrifice which I requested. And now I feel in my soul all the suffering that is yours. Courage . . . and your noble heart will triumph, yes, the heart will triumph!

VIOLETTA

Dite alla giovine, sì bella e pura, ecc. Say to that gentle maiden, so lovely and pure, etc.

GERMONT

Ah supremo, il veggo, sì, supremo è il sacrificio, ecc. Ah, I see that supreme, yes, supreme is the sacrifice, etc.

VIOLETTA

Imponete. Now command me.

Non amarlo ditegli. GERMONT Tell him you do not love him.

Nol crederà. VIOLETTA He wouldn't believe it.

Partite. GERMONT Leave him.

Seguirammi. VIOLETTA He'd follow me.

Allor. . . GERMONT Then . . .

Qual figlia, qual figlia m'abbracciate. Forte così sarò. VIOLETTA Embrace me as a daughter, as a daughter; then I'll be strong.

(GERMONT embraces VIOLETTA.)

Tra breve ei vi fia reso . . . ma afflitto oltre ogni dire. VIOLETTA Soon he'll be restored to you . . . but brokenhearted beyond words.

(She points to the garden.)

A suo conforto di colà volerete. GERMONT From out there you'll hurry to comfort him.

(She goes to the desk to write a letter.)

Che pensate? GERMONT What is your plan?

Sapendol, v'opporreste al pensier mio. VIOLETTA If you knew, you'd oppose it.

Generosa! E per voi che far poss'io? O generosa! GERMONT Generous one! And now what can I do for you? O generous one!

VIOLETTA (turning to him) I shall die, die! Don't let him curse my memory; and let there be someone to tell him of my dreadful suffering.

GERMONT No, generous one, you must live, you must live happily. Thanks to these tears Heaven will grant you a reward.

VIOLETTA May he learn about the sacrifice which I made for love. May he learn that the last beat of my heart will be for him.

GERMONT The sacrifice you made for love will be rewarded; You'll be proud of such a noble act, yes, yes, yes! . . .

VIOLETTA May he learn about the sacrifice, etc.

GERMONT . . . you'll be proud, proud then, etc.

VIOLETTA Someone is coming . . . now leave me.

GERMONT Oh, my heart is grateful to you.

VIOLETTA Now leave me. Probably we shall not meet again.

(He approaches her and they embrace.)

Siate felice. Addio! Addio. VIOLETTA and GERMONT May you be happy. Farewell, farewell.

VIOLETTA (weeping) May he learn of the sacrifice which I made for love; that the last beat . . .

(Sobs cut off her words.)

GERMONT Yes . . . yes.

VIOLETTA and GERMONT Farewell. May you be happy . . . Farewell.

(GERMONT leaves.)

VIOLETTA Heaven give me strength!

(She sits at the table and writes, then rings a bell. ANNINA enters.)

ANNINA You called me?

VIOLETTA Yes. Deliver this message yourself.

ANNINA (with surprise at seeing the address) Oh!

VIOLETTA Silence . . . go this instant!

(ANNINA leaves. VIOLETTA takes up a pen.)

Ed or si scriva a lui; che gli dirò? Chi men darà il coraggio? VIOLETTA And now to write to him. . . . what shall I tell him? Who'll give me the courage?

(She writes and seals the letter. ALFREDO enters.)

ALFREDO What are you doing?

VIOLETTA (hiding the letter) Nothing.

ALFREDO Were you writing?

VIOLETTA (confused) Yes . . . no. . . .

ALFREDO You're upset. To whom were you writing?

VIOLETTA To you.

ALFREDO Give me the letter.

VIOLETTA No, not now.

ALFREDO Excuse me . . . but I'm worried.

VIOLETTA What happened?

ALFREDO My father came here.

VIOLETTA Did you see him?

ALFREDO No, no . . . he left me a stern letter. But he'll come . . . and love you at first sight.

VIOLETTA (agitated) Don't let him find me here; allow me to retire. . . . You calm him . . . and I'll fall at his feet.

(She stifles her sobs.)

ALFREDO He'll no longer wish us to be parted; we shall be happy, be happy, because you love me, Alfredo, you love me, isn't that true? You love me, Alfredo, you love me, Alfredo, isn't that true?

ALFREDO O, so much! Why are you crying?

VIOLETTA I had to cry; now I feel calmer. You see? I'm smiling. You see? Now I'm calm, I'm smiling at you.

(She goes toward the garden.)

ALFREDO I'll be there, among the flowers, near to you . . . always, always, always near to you.

Love me, Alfredo, love me as much as I do you. Love me, Alfredo, love me as much as I do you! Farewell!

(She runs into the garden.)

ALFREDO (Sits down, opens a book, then looks at the clock.) Ah! vive sol quel core all'amor mio! È tardi; ed oggi forse, più non verrà mio padre.

Ah, her heart is mine alone! It's late. Perhaps father won't come today.

(GIUSEPPE enters hastily.)

GIUSEPPE My lady has gone. A carriage was waiting for her, and she's now on the way to Paris. Annina went on ahead of her.

ALFREDO I know . . . be calm.

GIUSEPPE (aside to himself as he leaves) What does he mean?

ALFREDO Perhaps she is hurrying to get rid of all her possessions; but Annina will prevent it.

(GERMONT is seen from afar. He is crossing the garden.)

ALFREDO (about to go out) Someone is in the garden. Who's there?

(A messenger comes to the door.)

MESSENGER Monsieur Germont?

ALFREDO I am he.

MESSENGER Not far from here, a lady in a carriage gave me this message for you.

(He gives a letter to ALFREDO and leaves.)

ALFREDO From Violetta! Why am I so upset? Perhaps she wishes me to join her. I'm trembling! Oh, Heavens! Courage!

(He tears open the letter and reads aloud.)

"Alfredo, al giungervi di questo foglio!" "Alfredo, when you receive this message . . ." Ah!

(Turning, he finds himself face to face with his father. ALFREDO falls into his arms.)

Father!

GERMONT My son! Oh, how you suffer! Dry, ah dry your tears! Return to be your father's pride and joy.

(ALFREDO, in despair, sits down and buries his face in his hands.)

**Side 4**

Di Provenza il mar, il suol chi dal cor ti cancellò? Chi dal cor ti cancellò di Provenza il mar, il suol? Al natio fulgente sol qual destino ti furò? Qual destino ti furò al natio fulgente sol? Oh, rammenta pur nel duolo, ch'ivi gioia a te brillò, e che pace colà sol, su te splendere ancor può; Dio mi guidò! Dio mi guidò! Ah! il tuo vecchio genitor tu non sai quanto soffrì. Te lontano, di squallor il suo tetto si coprì. Ma se alfin ti trovo ancor, se in me speme non fallì, se la voce dell'onor in te appien non ammutì Dio m'esaudi! Dio m'esaudi!

Who effaced from your heart the seas and the soil of Provence? Who effaced from your heart the soil and the sea of Provence? What fate took you away from the shining sun of your home? What fate took you away from the shining sun of your home? Oh, remember, even in sadness, that joy was yours while there, and that there you may still find peace in the warm sunlight. God grant it! God grant it! Ah, you don't know how much your old father has suffered. With you away, his home was full of grief. But if at last I've found you, and my hope is not in vain, and if the voice of honor is no longer silent in you, then Heaven has heard me! God grant it! God grant it!

(He tries to rouse ALFREDO from despair.)

Nè rispondi d'un padre all'affetto. Won't you respond to a father's affection?

ALFREDO (repulsing his father) A thousand serpents devour my breast! Leave me!

(He overturns his chair in rising.)

GERMONT Let me be!

ALFREDO Oh, vengeance!

GERMONT Delay no more . . . let us go . . . make haste.

ALFREDO (to himself) Ah, it was Douphol!

GERMONT Do you consent?

ALFREDO No!

GERMONT  
Dunque invano trovato t'avrò.  
Then I've come in vain to find you?

ALFREDO  
*(rousing and suddenly finding FLORA's letter on the table)*  
Ah!  
Ah!  
*(He reads the letter.)*  
Ella è alla festa! Volisi  
L'offesa a vendicar.  
She's at the ball!  
I must fly to avenge this offense!  
*(He rushes wildly out.)*

GERMONT  
*(following)*  
Che dici? Ah, ferma!  
What did you say? Ah, madman!

Scene 2

A Gallery in Flora's Parisian House.

*A door at the back and two side doors. In front at the left, a gaming table with chips and cards. At the right, a table laden with flowers and refreshments. Several chairs and a sofa.*

FLORA, the MARQUIS, the DOCTOR and other guests enter from the left, all chatting.

FLORA  
Avrem lieta di maschere la notte;  
n'è duce il viscontino.  
Violetta ed Alfredo anco invitai.  
We'll have a night of merry masquerading. The Viscount is leader.  
I also invited Violetta and Alfredo.

MARQUIS  
La novità ignorate?  
Violetta e Germont son disgiunti.  
Don't you know the news?  
Violetta and Germont are parted.

FLORA and the DOCTOR  
Fia vero?  
Is that true?

MARQUIS  
Ella verrà qui col barone.  
She'll be here with the Baron.

DOCTOR  
*(shocked)*  
Li vidi ieri ancor . . .  
Parean felici.  
I saw them only yesterday . . .  
and they both seemed happy!  
*(There is noise outside.)*

FLORA  
Silenzio . . . Udite?  
Silence . . . do you hear?

FLORA, DOCTOR, MARQUIS  
Giungono gli amici.  
Here come our friends.  
*(The ladies enter, dressed as gypsies and holding tambourines.)*

GYPSES  
Noi siamo zingarelle  
venute da lontano;  
d'ognuno sulla mano  
leggiamo l'avvenir.  
Se consultiam le stelle  
null'avvi a noi d'oscuro,  
e i casi del futuro  
possiamo altrui predir.  
Se consultiam le stelle, ecc.  
Vediamo . . .  
We are pretty gypsies  
come from afar.  
We read the future  
in everyone's hand.  
If we consult the stars  
nothing is unknown to us;  
we can predict to others  
the events of the future.  
If we consult the stars, etc.  
Let's see:

*(Some of them take FLORA's hand to read her palm.)*  
Voi, signora, rivali alquanto avete.  
You, lady, have many rivals.  
*(Others read the MARQUIS' palm.)*

MARCHESE, voi non siete  
model di fedeltà.  
Marquis, you are not  
a model of fidelity.

FLORA  
*(to the MARQUIS)*  
Fate il galante ancora?  
Ben vo' me la paghiate!  
You're playing the gallant again?  
Good . . . you'll pay me for that!

MARQUIS  
Che diacian vi pensate?  
L'accusa è falsità.  
What the dickens do you want?  
The accusation is false!

FLORA  
La volpe lascia il pelo,  
non abbandona il vizio.  
Marchese mio, giudizio  
o vi farò pentir.  
Marchese mio, ecc.  
One can shed one's name  
but not one's nature.  
Dear Marquis, be wise,  
or I'll make you repent.  
Dear Marquis, etc.

DOCTOR and GYPSES  
Su via, si stenda un velo  
sui fatti del passato;  
già quel ch'è stato è stato,  
badiamo all'avvenir.  
Come, spread a veil o'er  
the facts of your past.  
What has been, has been;  
the future takes care of itself.

ALL  
Su via, si stenda un velo  
sui fatti del passato;  
già quel ch'è stato è stato,  
badiamo all'avvenir.  
già quel ch'è stato è stato, ecc.  
Come, spread a veil o'er  
the facts of your past.  
What has been, has been;  
the future takes care of itself.  
What has been, has been, etc.

*(GASTONE and the men enter, disguised as Spanish Matadors and Picadors.)*

GASTONE, MATADORS and PICADORS  
Di Madride noi siam mattadori,  
siamo i prodi del circo dei tori;  
testè giunti a godere del chiasso  
che a Parigi si fa pel Bue grasso;  
e una storia se udire vorrete,  
quali amanti noi siamo, saprete.  
We're the Matadors of Madrid;  
we're the champions of the bull ring  
just arrived in Paris to enjoy  
the feasting before Lent.  
And we're ready to tell a tale  
about the kind of lovers we are.

ALL THE OTHERS  
Sì sì bravi; narrate, narrate;  
con piacere l'udremo.  
Yes, yes, valiants, recite, recite,  
we'll hear you with pleasure.

GASTONE, MATADORS and PICADORS  
Ascoltate.  
È Piquillo un bel gagliardo  
biscaglino mattador;  
forte il braccio, fiero il guardo,  
delle giostre egli è signor.  
D'Andalusa giovinetta  
follemente innamorò;  
ma la bella ritrosetta  
così al giovane parlò:  
"Cinque tori in un sol giorno  
vo' vederti ad atterrar;  
and if you are the victor,  
e se vinci, al tuo ritorno  
mano e cor ti vo' donar."  
"Sì," gli disse, e il mattadore  
alle giostre mosse il piè;  
cinque tori, vincitore,  
sull' arena egli stendè.  
All, now hear us.  
Piquillo is a strong young fellow,  
a Matador of Biscay;  
his arm is stout, his glance is proud,  
he is master in a fight.  
With an Andalusian maiden  
he fell madly in love;  
but the pretty willful maid  
to the youth thus said:  
"I wish to see you fight  
five bulls in a single day;  
and if you are the victor,  
I'll give you my hand and heart."  
Then "yes" said the Matador,  
and off to the fray he went.  
Against five bulls he was the winner,  
and in the arena they lay.

FLORA, DOCTOR, MARQUIS and the GYPSES  
Bravo invero, il mattadore  
ben gagliardo si mostrò,  
se alla giovine l'amore  
in tal guisa egli provò.  
Bravo, bravo! Indeed the matador  
showed himself to be a gallant,  
if in such a way he proved his love  
to the maiden.

GASTONE with MATADORS and PICADORS  
Poi tra plausi, ritornato  
alla bella del suo cor,  
colse il premio desiato  
tra le braccia dell' amor.  
Then, with applause, he returned  
to the fair one of his heart,  
and received the desired reward  
in the arms of his beloved.

FLORA, DOCTOR, MARQUIS and the GYPSES  
Con tai prove i mattadori  
san le belle conquistar!  
With such prowess, the matadors  
know how to conquer sweethearts.

GASTONE with MATADORS and PICADORS  
Ma qui son più miti i cori;  
a noi basta folleggiar.  
But here hearts are gentler;  
we need only to be merry.

ALL  
Sì, allegri—or pria tentiamo  
della sorte il vario umor.  
La palestra dischiudiamo  
agli audaci giuocatori.  
Sì, allegri—or pria tentiamo, ecc.  
Yes, lightly let us now tempt  
the fickleness of Fortune;  
let's start a game of chance  
for the boldest gambler.  
Yes, lightly let us now tempt, etc.  
*(All unmask, some of the men go to the gaming table. ALFREDO enters.)*

ALFREDO  
Alfredo! Voi?  
Alfredo! You?

ALFREDO  
Sì, amici.  
Yes, my friends.

FLORA  
Violetta?  
Violetta?

ALFREDO  
Non ne so.  
I don't know.

FLORA and the OTHERS  
Ben disinvolto! Bravo!  
Or via, giuocar si può.  
You're quite free now? Bravo!  
Let's go and gamble.

*(GASTONE cuts the cards; ALFREDO and others place bets. VIOLETTA arrives, escorted by the BARON. FLORA advances to meet them.)*

FLORA  
Qui desiata giungi.  
How nice that you've come!

VIOLETTA  
Cessi al cortese invito.  
I accepted a kind invitation.

FLORA  
Grata vi son, barone,  
d'averlo pur gradito.  
I'm grateful to you, Baron,  
for having brought her here.

BARON  
*(aside to VIOLETTA)*  
Germont è qui!  
Il vedete?  
Germont is here!  
Do you see him?

VIOLETTA  
*(aside)*  
Cielo! gli è vero!  
Il vedo.  
Heavens! It's true!  
I see him!

BARON  
*(displeased)*  
Da voi non un solo detto  
si volga a questo Alfredo;  
non un detto, non un detto.  
Not a single word from you  
to that common Alfredo!  
Not a word, not a word!

VIOLETTA  
*(aside)*  
Ah, perchè venni incauta!  
Pietà gran Dio, di me.  
Ah, foolish me, why did I come here?  
Almighty God, have pity on me!

*(FLORA invites VIOLETTA to sit beside her on the sofa; the DOCTOR stands near them. The MARQUIS and the BARON converse. GASTONE again cuts the cards; ALFREDO and the others place their bets.)*

FLORA  
*(to VIOLETTA)*  
Meco t'assidi, narrami . . .  
quai novità vegg'io.  
Sit beside me. Tell me . . .  
what's the latest news?  
*(FLORA and VIOLETTA chat together.)*

ALFREDO  
*(at the gaming table)*  
Un quattro!  
A four!

GASTONE  
Ancora hai vinto!  
You've won again!

ALFREDO  
Sfortuna nell'amore,  
fortuna reca al giuoco.  
Lucky at cards,  
unlucky in love.

*(He puts up a stake and wins again.)*

GASTONE, MARQUIS and GUESTS  
È sempre vincitore!  
He's still the winner!

ALFREDO  
Oh, vincerò stasera;  
e l'oro guadagnato  
poscia a goder tra' campi  
ritornerò beato.  
Oh, I shall win tonight;  
and with the golden winnings  
I'll be able to return happily  
to the country.

FLORA  
Solo?  
Alone?

ALFREDO  
No, no, con tale che vi fu meco ancor,  
poi mi sfuggia.  
No, no, with her who lived for me,  
and then ran away from me.

VIOLETTA  
Mio Dio!  
My God!

GASTONE  
*(to ALFREDO, indicating VIOLETTA)*  
Pietà di lei.  
Have pity on her!

BARON  
*(indignantly to ALFREDO)*  
Signor!  
Sir!

VIOLETTA  
*(aside to the BARON)*  
Frenatevi o vi lascio.  
Restrain yourself . . . or I'll leave you.

ALFREDO  
*(impudently)*  
Barone, m'appellaste?  
Baron, you called me?

BARON  
Siete in sì gran fortuna,  
che al giuoco mi tentaste.  
You're in such great fortune  
that you tempt me to play.

ALFREDO  
Sì? La disfida accetto.  
Yes? I accept the challenge.

VIOLETTA  
*(aside to herself)*  
Che fia? Morir mi sento.  
Pietà gran Dio di me!  
What will happen? I feel I'll die!  
Lord, have pity on me!

BARON  
*(at the gaming table)*  
Cento luigi a destra.  
A hundred louis on the right.

ALFREDO  
Ed alla manca cento.  
And on the left . . . a hundred.

GASTONE  
*(Cuts, deals and turns to ALFREDO.)*  
Un asso . . . un fante . . . hai vinto!  
An ace . . . a knave . . . you've won!

BARON  
Il doppio?  
Double?

ALFREDO  
Il doppio sia.  
It's doubled.

GASTONE  
Un quattro, un sette . . .  
A four . . . a seven . . .

DOCTOR, MARQUIS, GUESTS  
Ancora!  
And again!

ALFREDO  
Pur la vittoria è mia!  
Victory is still mine!

GASTONE, DOCTOR, MARQUIS, GUESTS  
Bravo davvero!  
La sorte è tutta per Alfredo!  
Bravo, indeed!  
Luck is all for Alfredo!

FLORA  
Del villeggiar la spesa farà il baron,  
già il vedo.  
I see that the Baron will stand  
the expenses for that trip to the country.

ALFREDO  
*(to the BARON)*  
Seguite pur.  
Want to keep on?  
*(A servant enters.)*



La cena è pronta. SERVANT  
Supper is served.

Andiamo. FLORA  
Let us go.

Andiam. CHORUS  
Let's go, then.

Andiamo. FLORA  
Let us go.

Andiam. CHORUS  
We're coming.

VIOLETTA  
*(aside to herself)*  
Che fia? Morir mi sento!  
Pietà gran Dio.  
Pietà gran Dio, di me!  
What will happen?  
I feel as if I am dying!  
Pity, dear Lord.  
Dear Lord, have pity on me!

Se continuar v'agrada . . . ? ALFREDO  
*(to the BARON)*  
If you wish to continue . . . ?

Per ora nol possiamo.  
Più tardi la rivincita. BARON  
Just now I cannot.  
Later . . . I'll win it back.

Al giuoco che vorrete. ALFREDO  
At any game you please.

Seguiam gli amici . . .  
poscia . . . BARON  
Let us follow our friends . . .  
afterwards . . .

Sarò, qual bramerete.  
Andiam. ALFREDO  
I shall be at your service.  
Let's go.

Si, andiam. BARON  
Yes, let's.

*(ALFREDO and the BARON go in to supper. VIOLETTA enters in great agitation. She is soon followed by ALFREDO.)*

### Side 5

Invitato a qui seguirmi,  
verrà adesso! Vorrà udirmi?  
Ei verrà. Chè l'odio atroce  
puote in lui più di mia voce.

VIOLETTA  
I have invited him to follow me,  
will he come? Will he listen to me?  
He'll come. Cruel hatred has more  
power over him than my voice.

ALFREDO  
*(entering)*  
Mi chiamaste? Che bramate?  
You called me? What do you wish?

VIOLETTA  
Questi luoghi abbandonate;  
un periglio vi sovrasta.  
Quit this place;  
you are in danger.

ALFREDO  
Ah, comprendo! Basta, basta.  
E sì vile mi credete?  
Ah, I understand! Stop, stop.  
Do you think me such a coward?

VIOLETTA  
Ah, no, no, mai.  
Ah, no, no, never!

ALFREDO  
Ma che temete?  
Than what do you fear?

VIOLETTA  
Tremo sempre del barone.  
I am afraid of the Baron.

ALFREDO  
È fra noi mortal quistione.  
S'ei cadrà per mano mia,  
un sol colpo vi torria  
coll'amante il protettore.  
V'atterrisce tal sciagura?  
The quarrel between us is mortal.  
If he should die by my hand,  
a single blow will deprive you  
of both lover and protector.  
You're terrified of that disaster?

Ma s'ei fosse l'uccisore!  
Ecco l'unica sventura  
ch'io pavento a me fatale!

La mia morte! Che v'en cale?

Deh, partite . . . e sull'istante!

Partirò, ma giura innante  
che dovunque seguirai  
i passi miei.

Ah, no giammai!

No, giammai!

Va sciagurato!  
Scorda un nome ch'è infamato.  
Va, mi lascia sul momento!  
Di fuggirti un giuramento  
sacro io feci.

A chi? dillo,  
chi potea?

A chi dritto pien n'avea.

Fu Douphol!

Si . . .

Dunque l'ami?

Ebben . . . l'amo.

Or tutti a me!

Ne appellaste? Che volete?

Questa donna conoscete?

Chi? Violetta?

Che facesse non sapete?

Ah! taci.

No.

Ogni suo aver tal femmina  
per amor mio sperdea;  
io cieco, vile, misero,  
tutto accettar potea.  
Ma è tempo ancora! tergermi  
da tanta macchia bramo,  
qui testimôn vi chiamo,  
che qui pagata io l'ho.

VIOLETTA  
But if he should be the slayer!  
That's the only misfortune  
would prove to be my end.

ALFREDO  
My death? What do you care?

VIOLETTA  
Listen . . . you must go . . . and at once!

ALFREDO  
I'll go . . . but first, swear that wherever  
you go, you'll follow the path of  
my footsteps.

VIOLETTA  
Ah, no, never!

ALFREDO  
No, never?

VIOLETTA  
Go, unhappy man!  
Forget a name that's infamous.  
Go, leave this instant!  
I swore a sacred oath  
to run away from you.

ALFREDO  
To whom? Tell me . . .  
who forced you to?

VIOLETTA  
One who had full right.

ALFREDO  
It was Douphol?

VIOLETTA  
*(forcing herself)*  
Yes . . .

ALFREDO  
Then you love him?

VIOLETTA  
Well then . . . I love him.

ALFREDO  
*(Rushes to the door, calling out:)*  
Come here, everybody!  
*(All return in a state of alarm.)*

ALL  
Did you call us? What do you want?

ALFREDO  
You all know this woman?

ALL  
Who? Violetta?

ALFREDO  
Do you know what she has done?

VIOLETTA  
*(horrified and overcome with grief)*  
Ah! Silence!

ALL  
No.

ALFREDO  
All that this woman possessed,  
for love, she squandered on me!  
I, blinded, foolish, wretched dupe,  
accepted all that was given.  
But now there's still time!  
I wish to efface the stain of shame.  
Here . . . I call you all as witnesses . . .  
see now . . . I've repaid her!

*(With a furious gesture of disdain, ALFREDO throws his winnings to VIOLETTA, who faints in the arms of FLORA and the DOCTOR. GIORGIO GERMONT has arrived in time to see his son's act.)*

GASTONE, MARQUIS, BARON, DOCTOR and GUESTS  
Oh, infamia orribile tu commettesti!  
Un cor sensibile così uccidesti!  
Di donne ignobile insultatore,  
di qua allontanati, ne desti orror,  
Va . . . va . . . va! ne desti orror.  
Di donne ignobile insultatore, ecc.

GERMONT

Di sprezzo degno sè stesso rende.  
Chi pur nell'ira la donna offende.  
Dov'è mio figlio? Più non lo vedo,  
in te più Alfredo, trovar non so.  
No, no, in te, trovar non so.

He who, even in anger, insults a woman  
is worthy only of disdain.  
Where is my son? I don't see him.  
In you, Alfredo, I no longer find him.  
No, no, in you I no longer find him.

ALFREDO  
*(aside to himself)*

Ah, sì che feci!  
Ne sento orrore!  
Gelosa smania, deluso amore  
mi strazian l'anima, più non ragiono . . .  
Da lei perdono, più non avrò.  
Volea fuggirla,  
non ho potuto!  
Dall'ira spinto son qui venuto!  
Or che lo sdegno ho disfogato,  
me sciagurato.  
Rimorso io n'ho.

Ah, what have I done?  
I'm ashamed of myself.  
Jealous rage, deluded love  
tear my soul. I can't think . . .  
I'll never obtain her forgiveness.  
I wanted to escape from her,  
but I couldn't.  
I came here driven by rage,  
and now that I've vented my scorn,  
miserable wretch that I am . . .  
I'm struck by remorse!

FLORA, GASTONE, DOCTOR, MARQUIS  
*(to VIOLETTA)*

Oh, quanto peni! Ma pur fa cor.  
Qui soffre ognuno del tuo dolor;  
fra cari amici qui sei soltanto;  
rasciuga il pianto, che t'inondò.

Oh how you suffer! But still, take  
heart . . . all here share a part of your  
grief.  
You are here among dear friends,  
so dry your tears, your flowing tears.

BARON  
*(aside to ALFREDO)*

A questa donna l'atroce insulto  
qui tutti offese, ma non insulto  
fia tanto oltraggio, provar vi voglio,  
che il vostro orgoglio, fiaccar saprò.

The outrageous insult offered to this  
woman will not remain unpunished.  
I'll prove to one and all that  
my sword can defend her honor.

GERMONT  
*(aside)*

Io sol fra tutti so qual virtude  
di quella misera il sen racchiude.  
Io so che l'ama, che gli è fedele;  
eppur . . . crudele . . . tacer dovrò.

I alone among them all knows what  
virtue is concealed in that unhappy one;  
I know that she loves him,  
is faithful to him,  
yet I must be cruel, cruel and keep still.

ALFREDO

Che feci! Ohimè,  
ohimè, che feci!  
Ne sento orrore . . .  
da lei perdono più non avrò!

What have I done? Alas,  
alas, what have I done!  
I'm ashamed of myself . . .  
I'll never obtain her forgiveness!

VIOLETTA  
*(conscious now, but sad and weak)*

Alfredo, Alfredo, di questo core,  
Non puoi comprendere tutto l'amore!  
Tu non conosci,  
che fino a prezzo del tuo disprezzo.  
Provato io l'ho.

Alfredo, Alfredo, you cannot understand  
all the love that is in this heart;  
you do not know that,  
even at the price of disdain,  
I have proved it.

FLORA, GASTONE, DOCTOR, MARQUIS and GUESTS

Quanto peni! fa cor!

How you suffer! Take heart!

ALFREDO

Ohimè, che feci!  
Ne sento orrore!

Alas, what have I done!  
I'm ashamed of myself!

Provar vi voglio . . .

BARON

I'll prove to you . . .

VIOLETTA

Ma verrà tempo in che il saprai,  
come t'amasi confesserai.  
Dio dal rimorsi ti salvi allora . . .  
Ah, io spenta ancora t'amerò . . .  
dal rimorsi, ecc.

But the time will surely come when  
you'll confess how much I loved you.  
May God then spare you from remorse . . .  
Ah, even when dead, I shall love you  
still . . .  
From remorse, etc.

GERMONT

Io so che l'ama, ecc.

I know she loves him, etc.

ALFREDO

Ohimè, che feci! ecc.

Alas, what have I done! etc.

BARON

. . . che il vostro orgoglio fiaccar  
saprò, ecc.

. . . that my sword can defend her  
honor, etc.

FLORA, GASTONE, DOCTOR, MARQUIS and GUESTS  
Quanto peni! cor! ecc.

How you suffer! Take heart! etc.

### ACT III Violetta's Bedroom.

*At the left is a bed and a shuttered window, beside the bed is a stool on which are a decanter, a crystal cup and several medicines. In the left front of the room are a dressing table and a couch. On the right, a door. Opposite, a fireplace with coals burning in the grate. VIOLETTA is in bed asleep. ANNINA is also asleep in a chair by the fireplace.*

VIOLETTA  
*(waking)*

Annina!

Annina!

ANNINA  
*(rousing herself)*

Comandate?

Did you call me?

VIOLETTA

Dormivi, poveretta?

Were you asleep, poor girl?

ANNINA

Sì, perdonate.

Yes, forgive me.

VIOLETTA

Dammi d'acqua un sorso.

Give me a sip of water.

*(ANNINA fills a glass and hands it to her.)*

Osserva! è pieno il giorno?

Look, is it day yet?

ANNINA

Son sett'ore.

It's seven o'clock.

VIOLETTA

Dà accesso a un po' di luce.

Let in a little light.

*(ANNINA opens the shutters and looks out on the street.)*

ANNINA

Il Signor Grenvil!

There's Doctor Grenvil.

VIOLETTA

Oh, il vero amico!  
Alzar mi vo'; m'aita.

Oh, he's a true friend!  
I want to get up; help me.

*(She tries to rise and fails. Then, supported by ANNINA, she goes slowly to the couch. The DOCTOR enters in time to assist her.)*

Quanta bontà!

How kind!

Pensaste a me per tempo!

Were you thinking of me so early?

DOCTOR

Sì, come vi sentite?

Yes. How do you feel?

VIOLETTA

Soffre il mio corpo,  
ma tranquilla ho l'alma.  
Mi confortò ier sera un pio ministro.  
Religione è sollievo ai sofferenti.

My body is suffering,  
but my soul is serene.  
Yesterday a pious priest comforted me.  
Ah, religion is a solace to the suffering.

E questa notte? DOCTOR  
And last night?

Ebbi tranquillo il sonno. VIOLETTA  
I slept soundly.

Coraggio adunque . . . la convalescenza non è lontana. DOCTOR  
Courage, then . . . yo' scence isn't far off.

Oh, la bugia pietosa ai medici è concessa! VIOLETTA  
Oh, doctors are allo . . . tell white lies!

Addio . . . a più tardi. DOCTOR  
(pressing her hand)  
Good-by . . . till . . .

Non mi scordate. VIOLETTA  
Don't forget me.

Come va, signore? ANNINA  
(whispering to the DOCTOR)  
How is she, sir?

La tisi non le accorda che poche ore. DOCTOR  
(under his breath)  
She has only a few hours left to live.  
(The DOCTOR leaves.)

Or fate cor. ANNINA  
Now, there, take heart!

Giorno di festa è questo? VIOLETTA  
Is today a holiday?

Tutta Parigi impazza; è carnevale. ANNINA  
All Paris is wild; it's carnival time.

Oh, nel comun tripudio, sallo Iddio quanti infelici soffron. Quale somma v'ha in quello stipo? VIOLETTA  
Oh, in all the general gaiety, Heaven only knows how many people are suffering! How much money is there in the bureau drawer?

Venti luigi. ANNINA  
(Counts the coins.)  
Twenty louis.

Dieci ne reca ai poveri tu stessa. VIOLETTA  
Give ten to the poor.

Poco rimanvi allora. ANNINA  
Then you'll only have a little left.

Oh, mi saran bastanti. Cerca poscia mie lettere. VIOLETTA  
Oh, that's enough for me!  
After, go get the mail.

Ma voi? ANNINA  
But you?

Null'ocorrà; sollecita, se puoi. VIOLETTA  
Nothing will happen; hurry, if you can.

(ANNINA leaves. VIOLETTA takes a letter from under the folds of lace across her bosom and reads aloud.)

**Side 6**

“Teneste la promessa . . . La disfida ebbe luogo; il barone fu ferito, però migliora. Alfredo è in stranio suolo, il vostro sacrificio io stesso gli ho svelato. Egli a voi tornerà pel suo perdono; Io pur verrò. Curatevi. Mertate un avvenir migliore . . . Giorgio Germont.” VIOLETTA  
“You have kept your promise. The duel took place. The Baron was wounded, but is recovering. Alfredo is gone abroad. I myself told him about your sacrifice. He will return to beg for your forgiveness. I too shall come. Take care of yourself. You merit a better future . . . Giorgio Germont.”

(She rises and goes to look in a mirror.)

È tardi!  
Attendo, attendo; nè a me giungon mai!  
Oh, come son mutata!  
Ma il dottore a sperar pure m'esorta!  
Ah, con tal morbo ogni speranza è morta.  
Addio del passato bei sogni ridenti,  
le rose del volto già sono pallenti;  
l'amore d'Alfredo perfino mi manca,  
conforto, sostegno dell'anima stanca . . .  
Ah! della traviata sorridi al desio!  
A lei, deh perdona,  
Tu accogtila, o Dio!  
Ah, tutto, tutto fini,  
or tutto, tutto fini.

(A chorus of parading merry-makers is heard from outside.)

CHORUS  
Make room for the quadruped king of the feast . . . with garlands of flowers his head is adorned.  
Make room for the tamest of all horned beasts . . . with trumpets and fifes let him be greeted.  
Parisians make way for the triumphant fat ox!  
Neither Asia nor Africa ever saw a finer . . . he's the boast and pride of every butcher.  
Merry maskers, wild youths, applaud him all with songs and tunes.  
Parisians, make way for the triumphant fat ox!  
Make way for the quadruped king of the feast . . . with garlands of flowers his head is adorned.  
Make way for the quadruped king of the feast . . . make way, make way, make way!

(ANNINA enters hurriedly.)

ANNINA  
(hesitantly to VIOLETTA)  
My lady . . .  
Signora.

VIOLETTA  
What's the matter?

ANNINA  
(anxiously)  
This morning . . . it's true . . . your felt better?

VIOLETTA  
Yes. Why?

ANNINA  
You promise to try to be calm?

VIOLETTA  
Yes, what is it you want to tell me?

ANNINA  
I want to prepare you . . . for a happy surprise.

VIOLETTA  
For a surprise . . . did you say?

ANNINA  
Yes, O my lady . . .  
Signora . . .

It's too late!  
I wait and wait, but they'll never come!  
Oh, how I have changed!  
Yet the Doctor tried to give me hope!  
Ah, with this disease all hope is dead!  
Farewell to the past,  
and to all bright dreams;  
the roses in my cheeks are faded.  
Not even Alfredo's love remains to sustain my weary spirit . . .  
Ah! to a lost woman  
Dear God! grant a last wish:  
Forgive her and receive her.  
Ah, all is ended, is ended,  
now all is ended and over.

VIOLETTA  
(while ANNINA gestures yes)  
Alfredo!  
Alfredo!  
Alfredo!  
Alfredo!  
Alfredo!  
Alfredo!  
Alfredo!  
Alfredo!

(ALFREDO enters. He and VIOLETTA rush into each other's arms.)

Amato Alfredo! Oh, gioia! VIOLETTA  
Beloved Alfredo! Oh, joy!

Mia Violetta! Oh, gioia! ALFREDO  
Oh, my own Violetta! Oh, joy!  
Colpevol sono. So tutto, o cara. I am guilty. I know all, O dearest!

Io so che alfine reso mi sei! VIOLETTA  
I know that at last you're restored to me!

Da questo palpito s'io t'ami, impara . . . ALFREDO  
Feel my heart beat and tell how much I love you . . .  
Senza te esistere più non potrei. Without you, I couldn't live any longer.

Ah, s'anco in vita m'hai ritrovata, credi, che uccidere non può il dolor. VIOLETTA  
And since you've found me still alive, you must believe that grief cannot kill.

Scorda l'affanno, donna adorata, a me perdona e al genitor. ALFREDO  
Forget all grief, my adored one; forgive me and my father.

Ch'io ti perdoni? VIOLETTA  
That I should forgive you?  
La rea son io; It's I who am guilty;  
ma solo amor tal mi rendè. but only love made me so.

Null'uomo o demon, angiol mio, mai più dividermi potrà da te. ALFREDO  
And now neither man nor devil, my angel, can ever make us part.

Null'uomo o demon, angiol mio, mai più dividermi . . . VIOLETTA  
And now neither man nor devil, my angel, can ever make us part . . .

Mai più, no . . . ALFREDO  
Never again, no . . .

. . . mai più, no VIOLETTA  
. . . no, never again

. . . mai più, no . . . ALFREDO  
. . . never again, no . . .

. . . no, no . . . mai più da te. VIOLETTA and ALFREDO  
. . . no, no . . . never again from you.

Parigi, o cara, noi lasceremo, la vita uniti trascorreremo, de' corsi affanni compenso avrai. ALFREDO  
We shall leave Paris, oh dearest, we shall spend our lives united. Your past griefs will be redressed; with health restored, you'll bloom again. Light and life you'll be for me, all the future radiant will be.

Parigi, o cara, noi lasceremo, la vita uniti trascorreremo. VIOLETTA  
We shall leave Paris, oh dearest, we shall spend our lives united.

Si. ALFREDO  
Yes.

De' corsi affanni compenso avrai. VIOLETTA  
Your past griefs will be redressed; my health restored, I'll bloom again.

Sospiro e luce tu, me sarai . . . VIOLETTA and ALFREDO  
Light and life you'll be for me . . .

Parigi, o cara, noi lasceremo, ecc. ALFREDO  
We shall leave Paris, oh dearest, etc.

De' corsi affani compenso avrai, ecc. VIOLETTA  
Your past griefs will be redressed, etc.  
(faltering)

Ah non più . . . ALFREDO  
Ah, no more . . .  
A un tempio, Alfredo, andiamo, del tuo ritorno grazie rendiamo. Let us go to a church, Alfredo, to render thanks for your return.

Tu impallidisci! ALFREDO  
(with alarm)  
You're growing pale!

È nulla, sai? VIOLETTA  
It's nothing.  
Gioia improvvisa non entra mai, Sudden joy never comes  
senza turbarlo in mesto core. without buffeting a sad heart.

(She sinks exhausted on the couch.)

Gran Dio! Violetta! ALFREDO  
Good God! Violetta!

È il mio malore! VIOLETTA  
It's my illness . . . it was weakness.  
Fu debolezza, ora son forte . . . Now I'm stronger again.  
Vedi? Sorrido. See? I'm smiling.

Ahi, cruda sorte! ALFREDO  
Ah, cruel fortune!

Fu nulla. Annina, dammi a vestire. VIOLETTA  
It was nothing.  
Annina, help me to get dressed.

Adesso? Attendi! ALFREDO  
Now? Wait!

No! Voglio uscire. VIOLETTA  
(trying to rise)  
No! I want to go out.

(ANNINA hands her a dress. VIOLETTA tries to put it on but cannot.)

Gran Dio! Non posso! VIOLETTA  
(falling back)  
Oh, God! I can't.

Cielo, che vedo! VIOLETTA  
Heavens! what do I see?  
Va pel dottore! Go call the doctor!

Ah! Digli, digli che Alfredo è ritornato, è ritornato all'amor mio. VIOLETTA  
Ah, tell him, tell him that Alfredo has come back, has come back to me.  
Digli che vivere ancor, Tell him that now I wish to live,  
che vivere ancor vogl'io. to live for love.

(ANNINA leaves. VIOLETTA turns to ALFREDO.)

Ma se tornando non m'hai salvato, a niuno in terra salvarmi è dato. ALFREDO  
And if you, returned, haven't saved me, then nobody on earth can ever do it.  
(Summoning her last strength, she rises in despair.)

Ah! gran Dio! Morir sì giovine. Ah, dear God, to die so young,  
io, che penato ho tanto! I, who have suffered so much!  
Morir sì presso a tergere To die, when at long last,  
il mio sì lungo pianto! I can dry all my tears.  
Ah! dunque fu delirio Ah, then it was all madness  
la credula speranza; my simple illusion of hope!  
invano di costanza And entirely in vain I strove  
armato avrò il mio cor! to fortify my heart with constancy!

Oh, mio sospiro e palpito, diletta del cor mio! ALFREDO  
Oh, light of my life, beloved of my heart,  
Le mie colle tue lagrime my own tears are  
confondere degg'io! flowing with yours!

Ma più che mai, deh! credilo,  
m'è d'uopo di costanza.  
Ah, tutto alla speranza  
non chiudere il tuo cor!

And more than ever, believe me,  
I am in need of your fidelity.  
Ah, do not lock out  
all hope from your heart!

Oh, Alfredo, il crudo termine!  
Alfredo, il crudo termine,  
serbato al nostro amor!

VIOLETTA  
Oh, Alfredo, what a cruel ending!  
Alfredo, what a cruel ending  
for our love!

Ah, Violetta, mia, deh! calmati;  
m'uccide il tuo dolor!

ALFREDO  
Ah, my Violetta, try to be calm;  
it kills me to see you suffer!

(Enter ANNINA, GERMONT and the DOCTOR.)

Ah! Violetta!

GERMONT  
Ah, Violetta!

Voi, signor!

VIOLETTA  
It's you, sir?

Mio padre!

ALFREDO  
My father!

Non mi scordaste?

VIOLETTA  
(to GERMONT)  
You didn't forget me?

La promessa adempio  
a stringervi qual figlia vengo al seno,  
o generosa!

GERMONT  
I come to keep my promise and  
take you as daughter to my heart,  
O generous one!

Ahimè! Tardi giungeste.  
Pure, grata ven sono.  
Grenvil, vedete?  
Fra le braccia io spiro  
di quanti cari ho al mondo.

VIOLETTA  
Alas! You've come too late.  
But still . . . I'm grateful.  
Grenvil, do you see?  
I'm dying in the arms of those  
whom I love best in all the world.

Che mai dite?

GERMONT  
What are you saying?  
(He looks closely at her, then whispers:)  
Oh, Heavens, it's true!

Oh cielo! è ver!

ALFREDO  
You see her, my father?

La vedi, padre mio?

GERMONT  
(to ALFREDO)

Di più non lacerarmi . . .  
troppo rimorso l'alma mi divora.  
Quasi fulmin m'atterra, ogni suo detto.  
Ah, malcauto vegliardo!  
Il mal ch'io feci.  
Ora sol vedo!

Don't torture me more . . .  
remorse devours my soul.  
Her words strike me like lightning.  
Ah, foolish old man!  
All the harm that I did,  
I see only now!

Più a me t'appressa;  
ascolta, amato Alfredo:

VIOLETTA  
(to ALFREDO)  
Come nearer to me;  
listen, beloved Alfredo:

(She opens a jewel case and takes out a miniature portrait of herself.)

Prendi, quest' è l'immagine  
de' miei passati giorni,  
a rammentar ti torni  
colei che si t'amò.

Take this . . . it is the image  
of my days gone by.  
Let it remind you  
of her who loved you so.

No, non morrai, non dirmelo,  
dèi vivere, amor mio.  
A strazio sì terribil qui non mi trasse!  
Iddio, qui non mi trasse Iddio.

ALFREDO  
No, don't die, don't say that!  
You must live, my love.  
God did not put me on earth  
to bear such a terrible sorrow!

Cara, sublime vittima  
d'un disperato amore,  
perdonami lo strazio  
recato al tuo bel cor.

GERMONT  
Dear one, noble victim  
of a despairing love,  
forgive me  
for having broken your heart.

Se una pudica vergine  
degli anni suoi sul fiore  
a te donasse il core,  
sposa ti sia,  
sposa ti sia . . . Lo vo'.  
Le porgi quest'effigie  
dille che dono ell'è  
di chi nel ciel fra gli angeli,  
prega per lei, per te.

VIOLETTA  
(to ALFREDO)  
And if a gentle maiden  
in the flower of her youth  
should give you her heart,  
make her your bride,  
make her your wife, I wish it.  
Then give her this portrait  
and tell her it is a gift  
from one, among the angels,  
who prays for her and for you.

Finchè avrà il ciglio lagrime  
io piangerò per te.  
Vola a' beati spiriti;  
Iddio ti chiama,  
ti chiama a sè.

GERMONT  
So long as my eyes have tears,  
I shall weep for you.  
Go now . . . to join the heavenly  
seraphim;  
God is calling, calling you to Him.

Finchè avrà il ciglio lagrime  
io piangerò per te.

ANNINA and DOCTOR  
So long as my eyes have tears,  
I shall weep for you.

Sì presto, ah no, ah no,  
dividerti morte non può,  
no, no, non può da me.

ALFREDO  
So soon . . . oh no, oh no,  
death cannot take you away,  
no, no, death cannot part you from me.

Le porgi quest'effigie . . .

VIOLETTA  
Then give her this portrait . . .

Ah, vivi, o solo un feretro . . .

ALFREDO  
Ah, live, or a single grave . . .

Vola a' beati spiriti . . .

ANNINA, GERMONT, DOCTOR  
Go now to join the heavenly  
seraphim . . .

. . . dille che dono ell'è  
di chi nel ciel fra gli angeli,  
prega per lei, per te.

VIOLETTA  
. . . and tell her it is a gift  
from one, among the angels,  
who prays for her and for you.

. . . m'accoglierà con te . . .

ALFREDO  
. . . will suffice for us both . . .

Iddio ti chiama, ti chiama  
a sè . . .

ANNINA, GERMONT, DOCTOR  
God is calling, calling you  
to Him . . .

È strano!

VIOLETTA  
It's strange . . .

Che?

ANNINA, ALFREDO, GERMONT  
What?

Cessarono gli spasimi del dolore,  
in me rinasce, rinasce,  
m'agita insolito vigor!  
Ah! Ma io ritorno a viver!  
Oh! Gioia!

VIOLETTA  
All my pains are gone.  
I feel reborn, reborn . . .  
A new strength is reviving me.  
Ah! I'm coming back to life . . .  
Oh, joy!

(She falls back on the couch.)

Oh cielo! . . . Muor! . . .

ALL  
Oh, Heaven! Death! . . .

Violetta?

ALFREDO  
Violetta?

O Dio, soccorrasi!

ANNINA and GERMONT  
God, somebody help her!

È spenta!

DOCTOR  
(feeling for VIOLETTA's pulse)  
She's dead!

O, rio dolor!

ALFREDO, ANNINA, GERMONT  
Oh, bitter grief!

The End

**RCA VICTOR**



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

VERDI

**LA TRAVIATA**

LSC 6154-1  
(L2RY-2558)

SIDE 1  
RED SEAL

Act I (Part 1)

Anna Moffo; Anna Reynolds; Vito Susca  
Franco Calabrese; Franco Ventriglia  
Piero Da Palma; Richard Tucker  
Rome Opera House Orchestra and Chorus  
Fernando Previtali, Conductor  
Luigi Ricci, Assistant Conductor  
Giuseppe Conca, Chorus Master  
(Recorded in Italy)

**STEREO**

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RCA VICTOR



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

VERDI

LA TRAVIATA

LSC 6154-2  
(L2RY-2659)

SIDE 2  
RED SEAL

Act I (concluded)

Act II, Scene 1 (Part 1)

Anna Moffo; Richard Tucker; Liliana Poli  
Adello Zagonara; Robert Merrill  
Rome Opera House Orchestra  
Fernando Previtali, Conductor  
Luigi Ricci, Assistant Conductor  
(Recorded in Italy)

STEREO

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RCA VICTOR



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

VERDI

LA TRAVIATA

LSC 6154-3  
(L2RY-2560)

SIDE 3  
RED SEAL

Act II, Scene 1 (Part 2)

Robert Merrill; Anna Moffo; Lilliana Poli  
Richard Tucker; Adolfo Zagonara  
Sergio Liviabella

Rome Opera House Orchestra  
Fernando Previtali, Conductor  
Luigi Ricci, Assistant Conductor  
(Recorded in Italy)

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RCA VICTOR



VERDI

LA TRAVIATA

LSC 6154-3  
(L2RY-2561)

SIDE 4  
RED SEAL

Act II, Scene 1 (concluded)

Act II, Scene 2 (Part 1)

Robert Merrill; Richard Tucker; Anna Reynolds  
Vito Susca; Franco Ventriglia  
Piero De Palma; Anna Moffo  
Franco Calabrese

Rome Opera House Orchestra and Chorus  
Fernando Pravatelli, Conductor  
Luigi Ricci, Assistant Conductor  
Giuseppe Conca, Chorus Master  
(Recorded in Italy)

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RCA VICTOR



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

VERDI

LA TRAVIATA

LSC 6154-2  
(L2RY-2562)

SIDE 5  
RED SEAL

Act II, Scene 2 (concluded)

Act III (Part 1)

Anna Moffo; Richard Tucker; Anna Reynolds  
Piero De Palma; Franco Calabrese  
Franco Ventriglia; Vito Susca  
Robert Merrill; Lilliana Poli  
Rome Opera House Orchestra and Chorus  
Fernando Previtali, Conductor  
Luigi Ricci, Assistant Conductor  
Giuseppe Conca, Chorus Master  
(Recorded in Italy)

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RCA VICTOR



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

VERDI

LA TRAVIATA

LSC 6154-1  
(L2RY-2563)

SIDE 6  
RED SEAL

Act III (concluded)

Anna Moffo; Lilliana Poli; Richard Tucker  
Robert Merrill; Franco Ventriglia  
Rome Opera House Orchestra and Chorus  
Fernando Previtali, Conductor  
Luigi Ricci, Assistant Conductor  
Giuseppe Conca, Chorus Master  
(Recorded in Italy)

STEREO

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